

THE FIGHTING ON THE CARSO. By F. Bonavia. (Illustrated.)
 AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE. By the Rt. Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P.

COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES:
 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

VOL. XLJ. No. 1065.
 Entered as Second-class Matter at the
 New York, N.Y. Post Office

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
 AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
 CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 2nd, 1917.

Published Weekly. PRICE SEVENPENCE.
 Subscription Price, per annum, post free.
 Inland and Canadian, 38s. 4d. Foreign 52s. 4d.

JUN 21 1917

UNIV. OF MICHIGAN
 LIBRARY

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For nearly a Century

the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE APERIENT FOR
 REGULAR USE BY PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

In consequence of numerous imitations, purchasers should INSIST on seeing the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle. Only by so doing can they be sure of obtaining this most excellent remedy.

Dinneford's Magnesia mixed with Spring Water forms a pleasant, cooling and most beneficial drink in Hot Seasons and Climates, and also during Fever.

WHITELEYS REMOVALS & WAREHOUSING

All Removals are carried out by men of long experience, and Whiteley's Depository at West Kensington is the most perfect building of its kind in the world. And Whiteley's service is prompt, reliable and strictly reasonable in price.

ESTIMATES FREE

Wm. Whiteley Ltd., Queen's Road, W

WINE BARGAINS.

VINTAGE.	CARR. PAID PER DOZ.
1906 CLUB RESERVE CHAMPAGNE	80/-
1906 VEUVE LEROUX CLARET (BORDEAUX BOTTLED) ...	36/-
1908 POMMARD BURGUNDY (RICH FRUITY)	36/-
SPARKLING FRENCH MOSELLE (MUSCATELLE)	72/-
OLD DINNER SHERRY	48/-
OLD LIQUEUR COGNAC BRANDY	96/-
HARVEY'S No. 3 VAT SCOTCH WHISKY	84/-
CHOICEST OLD INVALID TAWNY PORT	48/-

HARVEY & DEARSLEY, Wine Merchants,
 39, ST. JAMES STREET, S.W.

"VASELINE" The Every-day Need

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
 PREPARATIONS

are reliable family friends of good standing, and no home medicine cupboard should be without one or more of these preparations in some form or another. For giving beautiful complexions—for healing all skin affections—for relieving Rheumatism and Neuralgia—there is a "VASELINE" Preparation for all these, and much more.

You should never be without these "VASELINE" Specialities:—

YELLOW.	PERFUMED WHITE.	POMADE.
This is our regular grade, which is known as pure all over the world.	No. 1 (bottle in carton).	Blue Seal, 3d. and 7d. bottles.
Bottles, 3d., 6d., and 10d.	No. 2 size, handsome bottle in carton, with glass stoppers, 1/6	No. size, bottle, in carton, 6d.
WHITE.	White and Quinine Lomade, 1/-	No. 2 size, bottle, in carton, 1/-
Highly refined.		
Bottles, 6d., 10d., and 1/6		

ADVICE For your own safety and satisfaction, always insist upon Chesebrough Co.'s own original bottles.

If not obtainable locally, any articles of the value of 1/- and upwards will be sent Post Free to any address in the United Kingdom, upon receipt of Postal Order or Stamps. Descriptive Booklet with complete list of the Vaseline Preparations, and containing many household hints. Post Free.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. (Consolidated), 42, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON.

By Appointment To H.M. The King.

LONDON-MADE

PARQUET FLOORING.

HOWARD & SONS LTD.

THE ORIGINAL PATENTEES AND MAKERS.

INDIAN TEAK, OAK, etc.

Seasoned for immediate use.

ILLUSTRATED LISTS ON APPLICATION.

25-27, BERNERS STREET, W.

CARPETS of RARE QUALITY

CARPETS—English and Oriental—in rich designs and soft tones appropriate to every room in the house are to be found in greater profusion at Maples than anywhere else in the world, and at exceptionally low prices

MAPLE & CO LTD

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD LONDON W 1

MESSENGER & Co., Ltd.,

Horticultural Builders and Heating Engineers,
 LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

London Office: 122, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1.

ALTHOUGH at present engaged upon War Service Contracts, we are prepared to give as much attention as possible to the erection or Heating of Glasshouses (especially those used exclusively for the production of Food), and would respectfully ask our customers to favour us with timely notice of their more urgent requirements during the continuance of War conditions.

MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Replies to Advertisements containing Box Nos. should be addressed c/o COUNTRY LIFE Office, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

GARDEN AND FARM.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 1d. per word, minimum 2/-.

VISITING AND CONSULTING LADY GARDENER.—Mrs. SAVILL Chobham, Woking, Surrey, is now arranging to pay monthly visits where advice is urgently needed owing to head gardeners being called up and only unskilled labour is available. Terms on application.

GARDENING FOR WOMEN.—Essentially practical training to suit present crisis. Vegetable, fruit and flower culture, fruit bottling and jam making. Healthy outdoor life. Individual consideration. Long or short courses.—Illustrated prospectus of PEAKE, Udimore, near Rye, Sussex.

MOTOR PLOUGHING, CULTIVATING AND PLANTING done expeditiously at per acre, by Contractors to H.M. Office of Works.—For terms apply ROBERTS BROS., Eastwick Park Farm, Great Bookham, Surrey.

WANTED, position as Working Farm Bailiff by soldier released from Army Veterinary Corps; practical farming experience and thorough knowledge of accounts; wife understands dairy and poultry.—FENSHAM, "Holly Cottage," Hardwick, Bucks.

MRS. JOHN HOLLOND wishes to recommend her late Head Working Gardener (sixteen years in her service); estate work if required; over military age.—Apply AUSTIN, Wotton Gardens, Bampton, Devon.

POULTRY TRAINING, the best obtainable; twelve weeks' course begins June 25th; lovely country; syllabus.—Miss EDWARDS, Coaley, Gloucestershire.

SITUATIONS WANTED AND VACANT.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 1d. per word, minimum 2/-.

APPOINTMENT required as Private Secretary, Confidential Clerk or similar position; in or outside. Correspondence, accounts, statistics, etc.; experienced; testimonials, references; ineligible for military service.—"A 3792."

GENTLEMAN (bachelor), well educated, age 44, seeks berth; experienced in Estate management, horses, mixed farming, law and banking; highest references.—H. HILL, 20, Brandenburg Road, London, W.

GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

IRON FENCING for all purposes.—Continuous Bar Fencing, Strained Wire Fencing, Gates, Field Hurdles, Tree Guards, Espaliers, Railings, Sheep Fold Hurdles, Garden Fencing and Ironwork of all kinds. List on application. Estimates free. We also have a small surplus stock of Kennel Runs for disposal at special prices; subject to being unsold. Particulars on application.—BOULTON and PAUL, LTD., Norwich.

GRAMOPHONE WANTED ("His Master's Voice"), largest cabinet model, and must be in first-class condition.—"P 6917."

TO ANGLERS.—Wanted to Buy: secondhand Salmon and Trout Rods and Tackle for use of wounded and sick New Zealand officers and men.—Please address Captain DONNE, New Zealand Office, 415, Strand, W.C. 2.

SEWAGE DISPOSAL FOR COUNTRY HOUSES.—No emptying of cesspools; no solids; no open filters; perfectly automatic; everything underground. State particulars.—WILLIAM BEATTIE, 8, Lower Grosvenor Place, Westminster.

TURBINES.—For Electric Lighting, Pumping or Estate Work. "VULCAN" Inflow Type give steady running. Highest efficiency. Every installation fully guaranteed.—Manufactured by GREEN & CARTER, LTD., Winchester.

FENCING.—Cleft Chestnut Unclimbable Fencing. Send for illustrated price list.—THE STANLEY UNDERWOOD CO., LTD., Shottermill, Haslemere, Surrey.

BEST PROTECTION TO GARDENS against birds. Small mesh, bird-proof, tanned Netting, 25 by 44 yards, 6/-; or 84 yards, 12/-; carriage paid.—STRAWBERRY NETTING CO., 5, Suffolk Terrace, Lowestoft.

CLEFT CHESTNUT WIRE-BOUND FENCING, UNCLIMBABLE, STRONG, CHEAP.—Illustrated Price List on application to THE FERNDEN FENCING CO., BRIDGE STREET, GUILDFORD, SURREY. Branch Works at Frant and Haslemere.

GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

(continued).

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.—Developing or Printing.—The BEST POSSIBLE got out of every negative and every print every time; no waiting. Any size, 1/- for 12 exposures, 6d. for 6. Prints or postcards, 1d. (Cameras bought or exchanged).—MARTIN, Photographers' Chemist, Southampton.

PORTABLE BUILDINGS, Bungalows, Recreation Rooms, Motor Houses, Outdoor Shelters, etc. Enquiries invited.—FENN & CO., Ipswich.

BUTTER COOLERS.—A Cooler to hold two 4 lbs. of butter sent carriage paid for 3/6; it is both economical, clean and reliable.—C. H. BRANNAM, LTD., Barnstaple.

OLD STONE PAVING for garden path; also Greenhouse Piping for Sale.—SACKETT, 67, Ellen Street, Hove, Sussex.

MOTOR CARS, ETC., FOR SALE AND WANTED.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

ROLLS-ROYCE or similar car required at once.—Full particulars to HAROLD GREEN, Junior Constitutional Club, Piccadilly, W.

ELECTRIC VEHICLES.—Good prices given for modern cars in sound condition, with or without batteries.—Send particulars, A. JACKSON, 9, Regent Street, S.W. 1.

LIVE STOCK, PETS, ETC.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

SHEPHERD PONIES for Sale; suitable for children or for breeding.—Mrs. CHOLMELEY, "Kingsdown House," Swindon.

BOOKS, WORKS OF ART, ETC.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

WANTED, Vols. 1 and 2 of "Shooting," by Horace Hutchinson ("Country Life Library of Sport").—"P 6916."

CARRIAGES FOR SALE AND WANTED.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

GOVERNESS CAR AND RALLI CART for Sale; both in thoroughly good condition and suitable for 13.2 to 14.2 ponies; can be seen at Streatham, S.W.—"P 6915"

ANTIQUES.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

OLD PEWTER is dealt with at length in "Causeries on English Pewter," by ANTONIO DE NAVARRO, a book for all lovers of the Pewterer's Art. The book is beautifully illustrated, and can be obtained for 11s., post free from the Offices of "COUNTRY LIFE," LIMITED, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

OLD TAPESTRY.—Several pieces required, green preferred.—Apply "A 3565."

WANTED, Early (before 1600) Iron Clock, original dial, etc., for large indoor room, not turret clock.—Photo, and price to F. MEYRICK JONES, "Home Place," Holt, Norfolk.

PAYING QUESTS, APARTMENTS, ETC.

The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

INLAND RESORT.—Mid Wales, Plinlimon.—Fishing, shooting, hounds, golf, pony, and governess car, donkey tandem, piano. Bracing and perfect air. Sheltered by thirteen-acre pine plantation. Motor accommodation. Town one-and-a-half miles. Or Let, Furnished, with or without Cook-Caretaker.—ROBERT LEWIS, Ethinog Farm, Llanidloes, Montgomery (late Central Co., Kimberley, S.A.).

STAMPS.

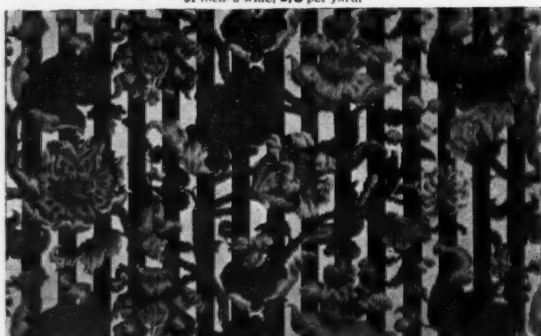
The Charge for these Advertisements is 2d. per word, minimum 2/6.

COLLECTION Early Colonial Stamps, superb copies only, for Sale, intact; or you can select at one-third to quarter dealer's prices; approval.—"G.", 31, Ellerby Street, Fulham.

SPECIALISTS IN OLD ENGLISH AND FRENCH CHINTZES



THE "KINGFISHER" CRETONNE.
A delightful Combination of Soft Grey and Rose on Black Ground.
31 inches wide, 9/3 per yard.



THE "GRANTULLY" SHADOW TISSUE.
31 inches wide, 2/10 per yard.
A large range of Chintzes, Cretonnes and Shadow Tissues always in stock.
Samples post free on application.

ARCHD. STEWART & Co

Partners: James Stewart, Archd. Stewart, Geo. H. Stewart.
Dept. C., 40 to 48, Union St., GLASGOW. [Established 1870.]

Footwear for the Health-Holiday—

Norwell Brogues—the shoes that help every minute of the long, healthy outdoor days, for they fit just perfectly—easily and lightly—yet, being built up from stout, sturdy leather by skilled craftsmen they staunchly resist damp and wear: every model gives full support yet there is no undue pressure.

There is freedom when wearing Norwell Brogues and a guarantee of the minimum of weariness after a strenuous day's sport.



The Lady's 'Braemar' Brogue

Norwell's 'Perth' Brogues

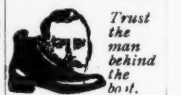
DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND.

D. NORWELL & SON, PERTH, SCOTLAND.

This illustrates one of our latest productions in ladies' brogues. Uppers are cut from best selection of water-proof chrome calfskin, black or brown: hand built throughout. Note the extended heel seats, which run right round the heels.

32/6

Specialists in good-wearing Footwear. Estd. over 100 years. Foreign Orders receive special attention. Orders sent post free in Britain: foreign postage extra. Write NOW for New Footwear Catalogue. ☐



A Book of Great Value to all Gardeners.

THE HARDY FLOWER BOOK

By E. H. JENKINS

(A Member of the Floral Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society).
With 50 Illustrations and beautiful coloured Frontispiece.

Price 2/6 net; by post 5d. extra.

Please write to-day for full particulars of this invaluable book and for illustrated prospectuses of some of the super-books in the "COUNTRY LIFE" Library, to the Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," LIMITED, Tavistock Street, W.C.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge FOR

CONSTIPATION
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

67, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E.
Sold by all Chemists, 3/- a box.

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLI.—No. 1065.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2nd, 1917.

PRICE SEVENPENCE, POSTAGE EXTRA.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



E. O. HOPPÉ.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Copyright.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece: Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland</i> ..	533, 534
<i>Controlling the Controllers. (Leader)</i> ..	534
<i>Country Notes</i> ..	535
"Arm!" by M. G. Meugens ..	535
<i>Fantasy</i> , by Joan Campbell ..	536
<i>Machinery and Food Supply</i> ..	537
<i>Agriculture and Commerce</i> , by the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P. ..	538
"Country Life" Tractor Trials ..	538
<i>The Fighting on the Carso</i> , by F. Bonavia. (Illustrated) ..	539
<i>Calling Home the Cows</i> , by D. Melville Jackson ..	542
<i>Three New Varieties of Rabbits</i> , by C. J. Davies. (Illustrated) ..	543
<i>Country Homes: Wollaton Hall—I</i> , by Sir Martin Conway. (Illustrated) ..	544
<i>To a Dipper</i> , by Faith Hearn ..	550
<i>Emile Claus</i> , by Emile Cammaerts. (Illustrated) ..	551
<i>Literature</i> ..	552
<i>Poems (Alan Seeger)</i> ..	
<i>In the Garden</i> . (Illustrated) ..	553
<i>Correspondence</i> ..	554
<i>A Bird's Song Under Shell Fire; "Wild, Wild Cherry"; The Story of a Big Egg; A Dog on Active Service (H. A. Gauld, R.N.R.); Thin Asparagus; Fishing Rods, etc., for Mesopotamia (Lord Sligo); Friends (G. E. Calvert); Partridge, Pheasant and Cuckoo Eggs in Same Nest; Books on British Trees; Oak and Chestnut Trees from Verdun (I. T. Williams); A Desert Iris from the Borders of Egypt and Palestine; Fishing in Egypt (Major C. S. Jarvis); Plovers Kill a Jackdaw (R. J. Longfield); Modern Birds-Nesting (R. H. Mallinson); Badgers.</i>	
<i>Town Houses of the XVIII Century: Fitzroy Square</i> , by Arthur T. Bolton. (Illustrated) ..	2*
<i>Racing and Breeding Notes</i> ..	6*
<i>Boiling and Spoiling</i> , by Eustace Miles ..	8*
<i>The Automobile World</i> . (Illustrated) ..	10*
<i>British Enterprise and Industry</i> ..	14*
<i>Modes and Moods</i> . (Illustrated) ..	16*
<i>From the Editor's Bookshelf</i> ..	18*

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All advertisements must be prepaid.

.. We appeal to our readers to send their copies of recent issues of COUNTRY LIFE to the TROOPS AT THE FRONT. This can be done by simply handing them over the counter of any Post Office. No label, wrapper or address is needed and no postage need be paid.

The War Office notifies that all papers posted to any neutral European country will be stopped, except those sent by publishers and newsagents who have obtained special permission from the War Office. Such permission has been granted to COUNTRY LIFE, and subscribers who send to friends in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Rumania, neutral Countries in America, and the Dependencies of neutral European Countries in Africa should order copies to be despatched by the Publisher from 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

CONTROLLING THE CONTROLLERS

IN great emergencies it would be fatal to shrink from the use of makeshifts. When a man is in a tight corner he must do the best he can to meet the exigencies of the moment. As soon, however, as he has had time to breathe he will try to substitute some permanent arrangement for the makeshift which he had to adopt in a hurry. This practically is the position of the country in regard to the endless multitude of officials which has been brought into existence to meet the necessities of the war. They lack cohesion and leave the onlooker occasionally in doubt as to who is who in authority. The sooner this is remedied the better it will be for the country. It is not open to question that the haphazard method of going on is the most expensive conceivable. Few there are who will believe that the controllers, directors and other superior officers of the various departments that have been created during the war offer the best sample of organisation that can be desired. On the contrary, they are a cause of confusion to

the ordinary citizen. Agriculture, with which our readers are most intimately associated, affords a striking illustration of what we mean. At the top of it is Lord Devonport, the Food Controller, but if we move downwards, so to speak, it branches into so many by-paths that we get landed in a perfect maze.

The Minister of Agriculture holds, and ought to hold, a very important position in this category. His proper designation, we believe, is technical adviser to the Food Controller; in other words, he is the Minister for Production. There are other ministers of production, however, and, indeed, the humble potato enjoys the great distinction of having a Controller entirely of its own. It would take a very large "Who's Who" to enumerate all those who hold positions of importance in connection with the food supply of the country, because the main line branches into distribution, as well as production; and anyone who makes a voyage of discovery into the various hotels, clubs, and other public buildings commandeered by the various food departments will be surprised to learn not only of the infinite divisions and sub-divisions of what we may call the Ministry of Food Control, but that a flight of ministering angels, or flappers, as we may call them, wait upon each.

There must be overlapping where divisions like this occur, and, unfortunately, we cannot help thinking that there must also be considerable waste. Lately, we have had avowals made in Parliament of the extraordinary expense incurred to achieve a comparatively poor result. Now, one element of weakness in the organisation will, we think, be admitted by all men of experience, and that is the creation of several different heads. In point of fact, the parts are united under a head, but it is very difficult to follow this in practice. Each has its own staff, and though the principals may work together in perfect fellowship and cordiality, the members of the staff are frequently actuated by a certain jealousy of one another. That, perhaps, is putting the case too invidiously, since the official is not as a rule jealous of his fellow official, but for the department to which he belongs. He does not like to see it thrown over, while to another is allocated the work which he thought ought to fall naturally to it. This is a vice of officialdom in whatever form it exists, but it is accentuated in the present situation because the various departments have not been thoroughly regularised and each is uncertain where the boundary marks lie.

What we mean is that someone is needed to build up this system on a new plan; to make it a structure rising on its own base and in which each has his own niche and his connections with the figures above and below, of which the former rise to the commander and the latter sink to the message girl. It must have been noticed by all who have followed the decrees promulgated by this highly diversified set of ministers, that consistency has been left out of consideration altogether. In a Cabinet ministers are all supposed to tell the same story, and if one differs in an essential particular from his neighbours he is promptly called upon to resign or fall into his place among the others. But from different controllers regulations the most contradictory flow from day to day, so that the citizen is puzzled by receiving from one official advice which is exactly contradictory to that which has been given him by another official.

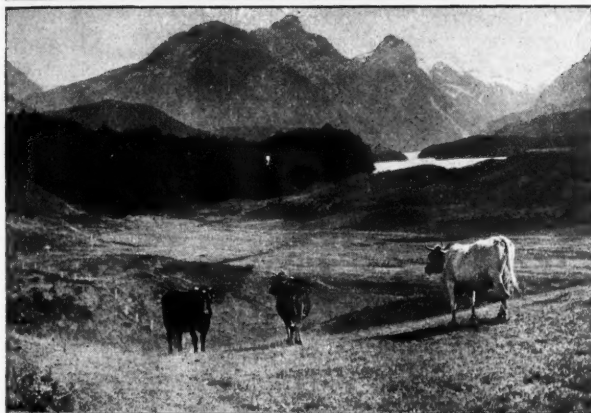
The division of responsibility is bad in another way. It sets the official ingeniously considering how he can avoid the avowal of responsibility. In managing big businesses it is the most essential thing in the world to fit the cap to the right head. If a man is found responsible for a mistake and can discover no means of escaping from his responsibility, that in itself is a wonderful stimulus to care and thought. But the various controllers set up by the present Ministry are responsible to nobody. Each seems to be cock of his own walk. Never in English history were there so many dictators living at the same moment, and never was power yielded so placidly and obediently as it is to them. It is therefore most essential that all these different departments should be taken in hand and regularised on the model of a great army. Unless that is done the organisation is bound to be as ineffective as it is ruinously expensive.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a reproduction from a new portrait of Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

WE are very glad to publish the thoughtful and suggestive letter from the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson, which appears on another page of this issue. It is an answer to a note from Mr. J. L. Green of the Rural League, and as far as it is controversial, we shall leave Mr. Green to deal with it. But there is one point which is really a question of fact that we would like to see elucidated. Mr. Robertson argues that we cannot be at one and the same time a great manufacturing and a great agricultural country. Self-feeding would, he thinks, be bad for manufacturing. Now, on a side issue, we agree with Mr. Robertson. Any system of agriculture which is not economic must fail. By economic we mean that the industry must stand on its own feet, must attract men to its pursuit because of the return it yields them, and, in a word, it must be unsupported by any artificial methods. Unless this is the case there can be no stability in it. Of course, in saying that it must be self-supporting we are very far from insinuating that it should not receive every help which science, organisation and general education can give it. It must be the business of the country to help agriculture on these particular sides as far as possible; but the industry could not survive as a hot-house flower, nourished on bounties and fed with artificial heat.

ON the other hand, Mr. Robertson does not, in our opinion, give full weight to the fact that agriculture is pre-eminently the nursery of men. It is during the sleepy life of the fields that the energy is accumulated and the constitution built up which eventually are bound to put vigour and life into our factories.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;

is as true now as it was in the time of Oliver Goldsmith. The more men that there are on the fields the better men there will be in office and shop and factory. We cannot exactly follow Mr. Robertson's argument in regard to Germany and France. Germany has made greater strides in agriculture during the last quarter of a century than any other nation in Europe. She has bettered her methods, increased her products, reclaimed her waste, and generally speaking, made her rural districts alive; and this was done concurrently with a vast extension of her commercial system. A prosperous agriculture is in fact the foundation and bones of a thriving commerce. Nor do we exactly appreciate his reference to France. In the country of our most gallant Allies, agriculture has suffered from two causes, the subdivision of the land, and the refusal of the French father and mother to be responsible for more than two children. The limitation of the population has, of course, extended to country and town and is the real cause of French weakness. But it has little or nothing to do with the cultivation of the fields.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR, to the astonishment of many, has been an unqualified success in the United States. This is in some measure due to the subtle changes that have been coming over the great democracy for years past. We who are mostly interested in letters have noticed it in the

change which has been modifying the American taste for literature. Forty or fifty years ago it was crude in the extreme. It seemed that nothing could emanate from the United States which did not owe its success to over-emphasis and strong black lines. Yet out of that state of affairs something new was plainly evolving, otherwise men like Mr. W. D. Howells and the late Henry James would not have enjoyed such a vogue. Readers of the better class American magazines must recognise that nowadays they almost go to the other extreme of over-refinement and over-subtlety. The success, leisure and travel of the modern American has produced a culture that seemed far off when Thomas Carlyle wrote of the Americans as "forty millions, mostly fools." It is to this new sympathy with culture, not divorced from patriotism and plain dealing, that Mr. A. J. Balfour owes part at least of his welcome. In their present mood the Americans would have given a cordial and generous greeting to any plenipotentiary of Great Britain. But Mr. Balfour, who unites to the sagacity of the statesman the wide view of the philosopher and the delicate analytic power of the student, had special claims on a people which has emerged, or at any rate is fast emerging, from the early stages of history.

IT may be that the Food Controllers are not as alive as they might be to the prospects for next winter. They read in the newspapers that crop prospects have very much improved during the last few weeks of rain and sunshine, and some very rosy and optimistic accounts have been given of the activity of the farmers and the greater output that may be expected; while in the harvest of 1918 there will be, according to these sage authorities, some three million acres more of corn to supply the country. Now, it may be said at once and frankly that these are plants that grow only in a fool's paradise. According to the best information that can be obtained, the production of food in Great Britain, instead of increasing, is going back. When the count comes to be taken, it will probably be found that only in one direction has there been an increase, and that is in the allotments and gardens of the peasants. Hard, industrious and intelligent work has been done there. But on the farms the season could not possibly have been more unfavourable for sowing, and the early months of spring simply paralysed growing. Wheat and other crops no doubt have picked up a good deal since then, but only by a miracle could they reach dimensions that would place the country in a safe position with regard to food.

"ARM!"

Arm your heart and your mind these days,
Unrest is stalking the Old World's ways.
The times are troubled and full of pain,
And questions ache in the duldest brain;
War stirs depths where the black mud lies
As well as depths which reflect the skies.

Arm your heart and your mind to fight,
Arm to hold what is yours by right
Of truth and honour and fair renown;
Dishonour waits to drag you down
To the villainous by-paths where Anarchy reigns
With the cloak of Liberty over her stains.

Arm your heart and your mind these days,
The ages watch, with their steadfast gaze,
How the sons of the present shall wield their power,
How the souls of the present shall meet their hour.
Arm! for the future is yours to make,
Arm! for your soul and your country's sake.

M. G. MEUGENS.

AND it is the broad acres that count. The forty-rod allotments and the cottage garden may do a great deal towards filling the cottager's larder, but it is from the fields of from forty to a hundred acres that the main food supplies of the country are received, and unless there was an assurance, which there is not, of the yield being far beyond what it was in 1916, the situation must be one of great danger. It is relieved to a certain extent if all the country labourers can grow food for their own consumption, but the towns have to be fed from the farms. That is why we so emphatically urge that it is as important at the present moment to spur on cultivation and preserve what is cultivated as it is to make munitions of war.

LAST year Lord Devonport made a special concession to jam manufacturers in the way of giving facilities for obtaining sugar during the fruit season. As we pointed out at the time, the policy was not altogether satisfactory. It was unfair to the very large numbers of people in the country who grow fruit on a large or small scale and are accustomed to preserve it for domestic use during the winter. The course of events has demonstrated very clearly that we were right. Although the operation of producing jam was completed last autumn and no other expense has been incurred, the price has gone on rising steadily ever since, so that, now, manufactured jam is an expensive luxury. The advantage of increased prices means nothing to the producer of the fruit or even of the sugar. He was paid last year. The profit, in fact, goes entirely into the pocket of the middleman. As for the customer, he is like the taxpayer in the "Five-Alls"—he pays for all. There can be no question of the greater economy of supplying sugar to those who have fruit of their own. The poor use their jam to save butter, which has grown both scarce and very dear. It cannot now be suggested that margarine is a good substitute, because it too has gone up in price and is difficult to obtain. Therefore every encouragement should be given to the preservation of fruit either bottled without sugar or made into jam for winter use. It forms a food supply that cannot be despised.

THE Food Production Department is taking a strong line for the purpose of increasing the conservation of fruit and vegetables without sugar. It would be interesting to have more definite statements than it has seen fit to publish as to its programme. The Department says that it is about to train travelling instructors of this useful domestic art: the "art" referred to being what is vaguely called "The Conservation of Fruit and Vegetables without Sugar." Well, as a matter of fact, there are several arts that could go by that name. One is the art of bottling, and it has been stated that the Food Production authorities are encouraging the manufacture of great quantities of bottles for this purpose. It must be noted, first, that the bottles are rather expensive, one to hold a pound of fruit costing fivepence, and this is a very great tax on the price of the fruit. It is all very well to say that the bottles once having been purchased will do for several years to come. In future years we hope the price of glass will not be as high as it is at the present moment. Many farmers' wives are able to preserve plums, greengages and similar fruit in perfect condition for years without anything more elaborate than an old jam jar.

WHAT the Food Production Department might do is to encourage the far more useful art of drying fruit and vegetables. On this point we would very much like to have official information from it. It is a part, and a most essential one, of what it calls the art of conserving fruit and vegetables without sugar. Dried fruit or vegetables have the very great advantage of being easily stored. They can be put into bags and kept in any dry room, and involve no expenditure for bottles. But a very important question arises. It is whether it would be possible to start in Great Britain at once a system like that in Holland, which enables every householder possessed of an oven to dry his or her own fruit and vegetables for use during the winter. We are rather afraid that it would be too big a proposition to set about getting this done in time for the rapidly advancing season, though of its great utility there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. All kinds of vegetables are growing splendidly in the garden at the present moment, and in the course of a few weeks there will be a great superabundance. If the stuff could be dried and preserved it would be of incalculable value next winter, but we doubt the practicability of it. What could be done is to carry out the suggestion made in these columns last week, namely, that there should be set up at once in every rural parish a drying plant to be worked on the same principles as a co-operative creamery.

ONE method of preventing waste is to keep down the pests, particularly rats and sparrows, and we are glad to find that Local Authorities are taking very strenuous measures for dealing with them. The Food Production Department has also opened a campaign against the rabbit. In an official communication it says that this little animal is doing a great deal of harm this year, and that though many landowners and shooting tenants have helped to reduce the evil, there are districts where sufficient has not been done. Therefore a new order has been issued which would astonish and dumbfound Brer Rabbit if he could read and apprehend. For the rabbit loves cultivated land. It means for him great store of food

and, what is of almost equal consequence, plenty of cover during the summer season when breeding goes on. It is this cover, more than any human indifference, that will probably baulk the efforts of the Food Controllers. When corn and hay are coming on and the roots following, when the wild wood is a mass of tangled vegetation, and furze and bracken cover the waste, then the destruction of the rabbit must go on very slowly. It is not the time for a big onslaught with guns and ferrets, nor is it a good season for trapping, first, because the rabbits lie out so much of the time, and, secondly, because, being on the whole a humane people, we do not encourage the killing of mothers in milk and the consequent death by starvation of their young.

THE fight that machinery has to make for its proper place in rural economy is strikingly illustrated by a letter which we have received from a lady in the Midlands, to whom we gave some advice about a tractor early in the year. It ended in the purchase of a 16 h.p. Mogul and a three-furrow Cockshutt plough. The farmers round were sceptical when not adverse, and the weather at first was very much against ploughing, so that the tractor did not get to work really until about the middle of April. The time was spent, however, in practice on the farms in hand. The Government took it up, and after a week released it, but that did not matter much as it was still employed in the parish. The Mogul was run for two shifts of eight hours each when daylight served, the drivers being an old servant who had been sent back from the Army for heart disease, and a cycle repairer. A great demand soon sprang up for the use of the tractor, which was let at twelve shillings an acre to tenants and eighteen shillings an acre to others—fees that obviously could leave the owner little profit.

FANTASY.

I saw a peacock dancing by a pomegranate tree,
And the devil on my shoulder whispered to me,
"His tail will make a fan for your hands to hold. . . ."
So I shot the peacock with an arrow of gold.
I stripped him of his feathers, and laid them cunningly
In a fair carved setting of lapis lazuli,
And for a handle, a tasselled jade ring,
And scented it with almug for my pleasuring. . . .
I shot a peacock dancing by a pomegranate tree,
And the kingdoms of the Sun are forever lost to me.

JOAN CAMPBELL.

OUR correspondent also says that all the tractors sent out by the Government broke down in one way or another. This testimony is confirmed by what we hear elsewhere, and demands very serious attention on the part of the Food Production Department and the Director of Machinery. We do not believe that in many cases it is wholly the fault of the tractor, but sufficient pains have not been taken to train the driver. We mentioned the case last week in which a tractor of English make broke down after ploughing twelve acres, and has never been put right since. Now, the maker of that particular machine was a man whose name is a household word for good work. His factory is in the more northern part of the country, and, no doubt, if his attention had been drawn to the matter at once he would have found a remedy. But what those who have a breakdown should notice is that those who take care to get the proper men and have them trained so that they understand something about the machine do not meet with these accidents.

IF one man in twenty finds that a tractor plough works simply, profitably, and without breakage, then the other nineteen may reflect that what he has accomplished they can accomplish also. No owner in his senses would let a man who knew nothing of horses assume the care of an extremely valuable animal. He knows by experience what the results are likely to be. It is even more incumbent to exercise the utmost caution in regard to the men who have to take charge of a machine with which they probably have had no real familiarity beforehand. The farmer who in nine cases out of ten views the tractor with suspicion and is sceptical about doing anything without his old friend the horse, invited disaster. There is a great deal of spade work to be done in the way of getting new machinery of every kind skilfully managed. Yet the men would receive such help gladly. They are perfectly aware that by acquiring skill and knowledge in the management of petrol engines they are adding immensely to their own market value.

MACHINERY AND FOOD SUPPLY

AGRICULTURAL machinery forms the ammunition of the land army. Without it the hope of bringing into arable cultivation the three million acres of poor pasture for next year's harvest is doomed to fail. Unless steps are taken to speed up the work of production, we shall be in no better position next year than we are this. It does not matter who professes to the contrary. The country will be a sufferer in the long run if it does not grasp this fact and take the matter up in dead earnest. Had the times been normal it would have been wise to trust to the comparatively slow process of education. Once the use of the new labour-saving machinery begins in the country, it will go on expanding. Men engaged in farming are bound to march with caution. Nature is never hurried, and the business of growing food, unlike that of making boots, for example, does not lend itself to a quick turnover. The land must be ploughed and cultivated long in advance in order to secure the best results. Thus the farmer must accustom himself from the start to the exercise of patience and the habit of looking forward. In regard to the introduction of new machinery, he likes to see a pioneer succeed before he risks his own capital in a new venture. Against this practice there is very little to be said. It is safe and prudent, and answered very well in days when there was no particular cause to hurry. But times have changed. The attitude of farmers to mechanical innovation is very well exemplified in the letter which we print below. It is honest and outspoken, and the reader who desires to know the position of the average cultivator of a good-sized holding will do well to consider it.

SIR.—Will you allow a practical farmer to offer some criticisms on your note in *COUNTRY LIFE* of May 19th, comparing the tractor with the steam plough? You write, "Surely any farmer must realise that it is easier to earn interest on a capital outlay of £200 than on a capital outlay of £3,000." That is not quite how it works out in practice. Practically, hardly any farmer ever owns his own set of steam tackle. He hires a set belonging to a contractor in his neighbourhood. A concrete example will make my meaning clear. On a farm of something over 500 acres, medium loam on chalk subsoil, of which two-thirds are arable, I find that over a period of four years my steam cultivating bill has been as follows: 1913-14, £18; 1914-15, £53; 1915-16, £63 10s.; 1916-May, 1917, £50; total, £184 10s. Add the cost of 30 tons of steam coal at an average price of 35s. per ton—£52 10s. Total cost, £237. I purposely omit the labour of horses and men waiting on the engine—a tractor would want quite as much waiting on in the course of the year as the steam tackle during the few days it is here, though it would be spread over a longer period; so that item cancels itself either way. In the case of the hired steam ploughs no allowance is needed for depreciation and no capital tied up in quickly depreciating machinery. I think it must be allowed that no estimate can yet be safely made of how quickly tractors depreciate and what sums should be set aside to cover that depreciation. Mr. Saunderson puts the running of his tractor for twelve months at £100 7s. 6d. for oil and fuel alone. This with an original cost of £200 amounts to £600 in four years without any allowance for repairs. If these are small in the first year, they must increase in subsequent years. No account is taken of special wages to the skilled mechanic to handle the tractor, who will look on himself, as he would be, as indispensable and expect special treatment and special humouring. A farmer must keep some horses; the use of hired steam tackle has enabled me to reduce to twelve a stud of sixteen horses kept by the previous tenant.

With regard to work done, I cannot agree with your writer that the work of the steam tackle is inferior. For breaking up stubbles after harvest the steam plough is excellent, if only allowed to go at the same depth as the horse plough; the stronger the frosts, the better the result in spring. For summer work I find the *steam cultivator* put both ways across the field in a dry time gives the best results. For ploughing and pressing ley ground a little wet is best. The bad name the steam plough got in some districts arose, I think, from two reasons: (1) the desire to plough very deep, leading to the turning up of harmful subsoil, instead of keeping to the usual plough depth; and (2) the use of the steam drags after the cultivators on fallows. This implement, used after the cultivators, breaks all the clods up into small pieces and plants them about all over the field instead of leaving them to be roasted in the big clods left by the cultivator. The large amount done daily by the steam tackle, the fact that they can be hired as needed, and that no heavy capital outlay is involved, and the good work they do at the right season, lead me to think they are by no means played out yet. I do not think too close attention should be paid to Continental critics of the steam plough. In many parts of the Continent the size of the farms, and of the individual scattered strips, is so small that its successful use would be out of the question.—HAMPSHIRE FARMER.

P.S.—It is only a suggestion, but I sometimes wonder if the future of the agricultural tractor in England will lie not in the individual farmer owning a tractor, but in fleets of tractors of large make owned by local contractors and let out on hire to farmers at the busy seasons of the year, with a skilled mechanic to drive each and keep in repair.

Now, let us examine what is said in some detail. Before going into the actual figures it would be well to point out that there is one undeniable disadvantage in working with a steam plough. Whoever hires it must do so at the

convenience of the owner. That is to say, he must have his ploughing done when the plough is ready, while it ought to be done when the field is ready. An illustration of this was given the writer the day previous to this being written. A very well known farmer who holds a responsible position under the Board of Agriculture said that some weeks ago the owners of steam tackle were coming to him seeking a job, but now, when everybody is wanting to hire gear and tackle, he finds it impossible to get any. But our correspondent does not seem to have contemplated the purchase of a motor plough for his own use. In fact, he would accentuate this position by putting tractors in the hands of local contractors, who would let them out on hire to farmers at the busy seasons of the year. It is not a good suggestion, because, unfortunately, the busy season affects all farmers at the same time, and as it would be economically unsound for the contractors to own as many machines as would suffice to get the whole of the ploughing done simultaneously, the disadvantages are obvious.

Let us see what the financial comparison of our correspondent comes to. The total cost of his ploughing by steam amounted on a farm of five hundred acres, of which two-thirds are arable, to £237, without counting the labour of horses and men waiting on the engine. Apparently, he would compare this with Mr. Saunderson's annual outlay of £100 7s. 6d., which, added to the original cost of £200 for the tractor, amounts to just over £600 in four years. The comparison will not stand for a moment. In the first place, the steam plough did nothing but plough, whereas the tractor tilled, mowed, and carried the hay; seeded the grain, harrowed, rolled, and cultivated the ground; did the horse hoeing; in harvest time pulled the binders and carted the corn and drove the threshing machine. It took great loads to and from the station, and was of the greatest assistance in clearing the land and roadmaking—necessary operations on a farm which was being brought back into cultivation. As a matter of fact, it did the whole of the work of 240 acres. Our correspondent says that his predecessor on the farm, who did not use steam tackle, had to keep a supply of sixteen horses on a farm of 500 acres, so that eight would have been a fair allowance on a farm of half the size. But, as a matter of fact, no horse at all was kept. The whole of the work was done by the tractor. This may or may not have been good economy. There are some who think that even little jobs might be done by a little engine, but Mr. Saunderson, being a manufacturer, wished to demonstrate that the work of a farm could be done with his machine, and faced the fact that it was not economical to send a big motor to do work, such as carrying chaff to the sheep, that could have been performed by a pony. Still, the fact remains that the upkeep of his tractor amounted to less than a couple of pounds per week. Six horses, to say nothing of eight, could not have been kept for anything like the money. Be it remembered that the tractor does not eat when it is not working, and it is nourished by mineral oil, which is no part of the food of the population. The horse eats both when it is at work and when it is idle; it directly consumes human food when given oats or other cereals and, indirectly, when it is allowed to graze, since then its food might have been converted into milk or meat. Our Hampshire farmer is rather afraid of the repairs and the short "life" of the mechanical invention. Well, we quoted the case a few weeks ago of the first farmer in Hertfordshire to start using a tractor. He has had it from nearly the beginning of the war, and it is going all right now, while he says the cost of repairs has been practically nil. Mr. Saunderson himself is of opinion that with fairly reasonable treatment a tractor would go on for ten years at least, and after that might be used as a stationary engine. Now take a horse. Its working time is certainly on the average no longer. Suppose that it is used a little at two years and kept at it till twelve, it is then, after ten years, an old horse, and will in the majority of cases be put to do the odd jobs of the farm. There is nothing whatever in the comparison as far as this goes. But it will be observed that our argument assumes the farmer to own his tractor; he will never do so well by hiring it. For one thing, when it passes out of his possession, he cannot be sure of being able to utilise it when the conditions are favourable. In point of fact, a farmer with a tractor plough is easily able to get his ploughing done before the wet season comes. His plough does five acres a day, whereas the horse will find it hard to do one. At a pinch it can be kept on for any number of hours, as it is untiring. During the spring a very

considerable amount of ploughing was done in various counties by lamplight. Shifts of seven hours each were taken by the drivers, and the work was got through in astonishingly good time. We willingly admit that there have been failures, but if looked into it will be found that these occurred through no fault of the machine, where the machine was supplied by a reputable maker, but through that of the driver. These men must be selected with great care. It has been found by experience that the right man can, in an almost incredibly short space of time, pick up all that needs learning about the art of driving a petrol engine on the land. It is really extremely simple, and probably the best person to select for the job is a ploughman who has a natural turn for mechanics. There is almost always one about a farm where machinery is already used pretty freely, and it takes very little time or trouble to prepare and train him so that he can not only drive the plough, but do any slight repairs that may be needed.

One word as to the wages of which our correspondent is frightened. A driver is certainly entitled to more than the minimum wage given to an agricultural labourer, but in our experience quite near London it has been found that between thirty shillings and two pounds a week has been regarded as a prize for him. Now, if this one wage be compared with the payment of four or five men at twenty-five shillings a week, it will be seen that the balance is very much in favour of the tractor. Further, there is a very great saving in boy labour, such as that of the youth who rolls and harrows. A tractor will pull three binders at once; it will pull at the same time a roller and a harrow, or, what is better, a harrow, a roller, and then another harrow, with one man only engaged in the job and the work done much more quickly. These are not fancies drawn from imagination, but facts from actual work on a farm. There is no insuperable obstacle to the same things being accomplished on any holding in the United Kingdom, if the farmer will consider that he is asked to deal with a mechanical power practically new to him and will give time and consideration to getting it going as it ought to go.

AGRICULTURE & COMMERCE

BY THE RIGHT HON. J. M. ROBERTSON, M.P.

[To the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE.]

SIR,—In your issue of May 19th Mr. J. L. Green, criticising some remarks of mine in a recent discussion at a London club, opened by you, states that I "urged (1) that it was unlikely that we could grow any further large proportion of food; and (2) that even if we could, the question of the exchange would crop up, and this latter would then perhaps be to our disadvantage." Here there are two misconceptions. As you will remember, my remarks were entirely unpremeditated, having been quite unexpectedly called for; and I am not aware that there was any report. Hence, perhaps, the misunderstanding. But I put neither of the propositions cited; and Mr. Green's criticism is thus partly beside the case. As you will recollect, I expressly disavowed any claim to speak with authority on agriculture, and I addressed myself in particular to the proposition that this country should become *self-supporting* in cereals. So far am I from doubting that we could raise more of these that I declared my entire sympathy with the demand for increased production. Such increase is called for as part of the general maximisation of output which will be absolutely necessary after the war to pay our debts. English agriculture I suspect to be still the most backward in North-Western Europe, though it is latterly improving. Much improvement, then, is still to be looked for.

But future production, if it is to be on sound lines of recuperation, must be *economic*. Hitherto the return to capital and labour has been so much greater in manufactures, shipping, and mining, that by these means we have bought most of our food from other countries. In so far as we can produce extra food without economic loss, the result will be all to the good, as Mr. Green argues. But if we set ourselves by any and all means, including tariffs, to become *self-feeding*, we shall, I think, certainly incur economic loss. My view may be put briefly thus:

1. The example of Germany goes to show that maximisation of manufactures is incompatible with self-feeding. France, which is normally self-feeding, is relatively behind in manufactures. The rapid advance in manufacturing production in the United States has brought them near the point of normally consuming their own grain product.

2. The idea of self-feeding, then, will militate against supremacy in manufactures. If very much labour is drawn from manufactures to the land, the maintenance of our former export trade will call for new labour. That is to say, the population would have to increase still further. That this country could speedily feed even the present population as to cereals, meat and milk seems to me impossible; and a still further increase

of population would heighten the impossibility. The case of Germany shows as much. Doubtless agricultural output could be considerably increased without great increase of labour; but complete self-feeding must surely mean such increase.

3. Assuming, however, that by special measures we could in time feed even an increasing population, it is clear that we could not *also* keep up an increasing export of manufactures. It is not a question of "the exchange" in the monetary sense (I made no allusion to that); it is a question of international *exchanges of products*. For some time, doubtless, much of our export will be required to pay our debts, calling for no imports in return. But when equilibrium is restored it will be impossible that we should continue to export manufactures on the old scale, seeing that, in the case put, we should not be taking the old imports to pay for them. Raw materials, in the nature of the case, are never nearly equal in value to the produce made from them. Certainly we may import foods and other articles (wines, tobacco, fruits, woods, etc.) which we do not ourselves produce. But these are luxuries, and will not stand for any great counterbalancing export.

4. Unless, further, our mercantile marine is in future to be mainly or newly engaged in the transport work of other nations, it will necessarily diminish. Latterly its greatness has depended mainly on our large exports of coal and our large imports of bulky food and raw material. We cannot have it both ways.

5. The ideal of self-feeding, then, would seem to involve an ultimate diminution of our population, and at the same time a diminution in our mercantile marine, both important elements in our national basis of power. Given security for the peace of the world as the result of the present war, this, indeed, need not be regarded as a distressing prospect. A smaller population might well live in better conditions. But the ideal of self-feeding seems to subsume no security for future world-peace. It rather asserts itself as a provision against an unending menace of war. The argument is that only by self-feeding can we be made safe. In the terms of the case the safety as to food will be accompanied by diminution in military and naval power. Here there seems to be a hiatus in the ideal.

6. Yet further, the ideal of self-feeding ignores the fact that in every country harvests from time to time fail. Our latter-day security against famine has lain in our access to all the areas of corn production in which there is superfluity. In a year of harvest failure at home, what other help can we have, whether in war or peace? And if a harvest should fail in war time, what becomes of the promised security?

In a word, the doctrine of self-feeding is at once optimistic and pessimistic. My own view, as regards the world's future, is optimistic in this regard. I would say then (and would have said at the club meeting, had I been prepared to speak) that while increased agricultural output is in every way desirable, an increased economic output is one thing; an ideal of self-feeding, involving fiscal pressures which mean non-economic production, is another. This is the vital issue. To me, the immediate economic test seems to indicate the sound line of procedure. Let us produce everything up to the paying limit. To secure self-feeding by checking manufactures and marine (as has been done in France) is at the same time to limit population; and this without any ultimate security, seeing that bad harvests will always recur. France in war is not self-feeding; and Germany very far from it, though more nearly so than we. We may redress the balance, but it would be highly fallacious to shape our policy to an end that cannot be attained.—J. M. ROBERTSON.

"COUNTRY LIFE" TRACTOR TRIALS

IT must be common knowledge to those of our readers who have a keen desire to see the land utilised next year to a greater capacity for food production that paralysis and confusion exist in regard to the use of the tractor plough. A great many farmers, who do not by any means stand alone but have the support of the Executive Committee of their county, hold that the horse is better than the tractor plough. Others say it is enough to have a steam plough occasionally. And those who recognise the merits of the tractor plough are puzzled to know which is best. And no wonder! These ploughs have been sent out very hurriedly, and in many cases the man in charge has not received a training at all adequate to his responsibilities, the result being that he and his machine very often come to grief. How is the uninstructed onlooker to know whether the blame is that of the machine or of the driver? In order to help towards a solution of this difficulty we are arranging to hold a series of exhaustive trials of tractor ploughs. Further particulars will follow in succeeding numbers. At present it may be sufficient to state that the proposal has been cordially received in an unexpected and very high quarter, and backed up in the most practical manner. We shall be very glad to hear from any of our readers who are interested in the scheme. It is thoroughly realised here that the matter is urgent and that such a trial to be of real use for the harvest of 1918 ought to take place without any undue delay.

THE FIGHTING ON THE CARSO

By F. BONAVIA.



HAULING A HEAVY GUN UPHILL INTO BATTLE.

THE Carso—the existence and name of which a couple of years ago were known only to very few—has become since the fall of Gorizia as familiar to us all as the immortal names of Verdun and the Somme. But there seems to be still some doubt in the minds of many as to what the Carso really is and how far its boundaries extend. The first blow of Cadorna, for instance, was generally supposed to have been delivered on the Carso, while, as a matter of fact, the action on the Carso was purely in the nature of a feint, intended to hold the enemy on his positions and prevent him sending his reserves where the main attack was delivered. The main advance took place on the Bainsizza plateau in the Alpine region on the north of Gorizia and well to the north of the Carso.

The second blow was delivered on the Carso, and the second advance far surpasses in importance the operations of the preceding week. The object of the first advance on the Bainsizza plateau was to give Gorizia better defence, a more formidable shield of positions, and to secure freedom of action for the operations on the Carso. With his army on the left well entrenched on the positions recently gained, General Cadorna sent forward the right wing (the third army) to deliver a blow more formidable than the first. The material results of the victory—prisoners, booty captured,

positions stormed—are known. But the most interesting result of the advance has been to bring the Italians quite close to the positions which so far have effectively guarded the extreme Austrian left flank resting, since the capture of Monfalcone, on Duino and the sea. Duino—a nest of submarines—has now been shelled by English monitors, helping considerably the Italian advance, and it just looks as if amphibious operations were once more becoming a possibility in the North Adriatic. The command of the sea has been from the beginning, and will remain, in the hands of the Allies, yet the risk of a close co-operation between land forces and naval forces has been shown to be too great to be readily undertaken by a judicious general. But the Carso, dreadful and hostile as it has proved itself for land fighters, will make amends to its conquerors by giving them a number of small bays of great value for the policing of those waters. If the Gulf of Trieste can be purged of the enemy's small ships, the co-operation between land and sea forces in the Adriatic may become far closer and more effective than it has been hitherto.

The second anniversary of the beginning of hostilities between Italy and Austria was commemorated in a manner worthy of the determination, of the fighting spirit of the Italian race. A little over two years ago they were shutting the avenues which overbearing Austrian statesmen had



NEVER A RESPIRE ON THE CARSO.

demanding when they were forced to cede Venice. They had to overcome the armies of Austria and, far more serious, the difficulties of the terrain—the mountains which separated them from the Isonzo, the strongholds of Gorizia, of Monfalcone; last, and more difficult than all, the Carso. To-day all these have been conquered; the Austrians have been beaten again and again; Gorizia and the heights which

the foot of Monte Santo there cluster, or rather there used to cluster before the tornado of fire destroyed every vestige of life, not a few ancient, pleasant, massively built country houses—thick walls to keep out the winter wind and the heat of summer, stone-paved entrance halls large enough to admit a coach and four, the lower windows heavily barred against robbers from the mountains. The Carso, on the

other hand, has never attracted the *possidente*, and its inhabitants are mostly peasants depending for their living on the meagre trade they carry on with Trieste. Every morning a procession of them trudges barefooted along miles of dusty road, bringing milk, eggs and bread to the town. Game and the berries which make a strong alcoholic beverage are the only natural produce of the region. The chief reason for its singular bareness is said to be owing to the violence of the Bora (a wind living up to the reputation of its classical ancestor



ASCENDING A CARSO MOUNTAIN BY A BRIDLE PATH.

surrounded it are well in Italian hands. The Carso is the only fortress which yet bars the way to Trieste; it is the arena in which the fate of not only Trieste, but of Istria and Pola will be decided—soon. It may even prove the scene of the death blow to the Austrian monarchy.

Both the plateau of Bainsizza and the Carso form part of the system of mountains known as the Julian Alps, but the latter has so individual a character that no one who has seen it could ever confuse it with any other section of the Alps. The plateau of Bainsizza has some points in common with the Alpine valleys which lead from Trento into the Paduan plains. The Carso's picturesque wildness, like its geological peculiarities, is entirely its own. Trees and plants cover the slopes of the Monte Santo, of the Monte San Valentino and of Monte Cucco in the higher Isonzo valley; the Carso, except on its outer fringe, is bare of vegetation. Only where it drops suddenly towards the Adriatic does its soil bear fruit, and the Carsic hills which surround

Trieste on the west produce a wine of rare quality known and appreciated in the days of Pliny. Julia, the wife of Augustus, writes Pliny, reached the age of eighty-three and attributed her health to the fact that she never drank any wine but the "Pucinum," "which is born in the bosom of the Adriatic not far from the river Timavo on a stony hill where the soft breath of the sea ripens only a few pitchers full." There are other points of difference. At

Boreas), which during the winter months sweeps down from the mountains and, after endangering life and property in the town, whips up to fury the waters of the usually calm Adriatic. The Bora is so dangerous that elaborate precautions have to be taken in Trieste to prevent serious accidents; ropes are stretched along the footpaths where the force of the wind is most felt; but the cold mountain wind takes its toll of victims every year, and



A MASKED BATTERY.

the ships in the harbour have learnt to fear it no less than the Triestini whom it threatens with immersion in the Adriatic. It is a much-debated question whether the barrenness of the Carso is due to the violence of the Bora or whether the violence of the Bora is due to the barrenness of the Carso uncovered by woods which might break up the force of the wind. However this may be, to this barrenness of vegetation, to this absence of trees, the Carso owes its climate, very

considerably colder than on the sea-board, and its aspect of somewhat sad solemnity. There are no birds to mark the coming of spring, since there is no hedge where they might build their nests, there is no rustling or murmuring of trees. It is poor even in legends, although its underworld is perhaps more fantastic than that of any

other region in the world. Enormous grottoes spread under the thin crust of rock hollowed out in prehistoric times by some seismic upheaval, deep, extensive, wonderful and fearful to man in the past ages. To-day some of them have been cut into, altered and turned into places of amusement where fairs are held. Others are unspoiled and retain to this day their natural grandeur. All the Carso rivers either rise or disappear in these caverns, where their course can be guessed; it cannot be seen or fathomed. Deep waters thunder at the bottom of the caves—where they come from,



WHILE THE ITALIANS WERE TAKING GORIZIA.

An enemy look-out on the Podgora heights.

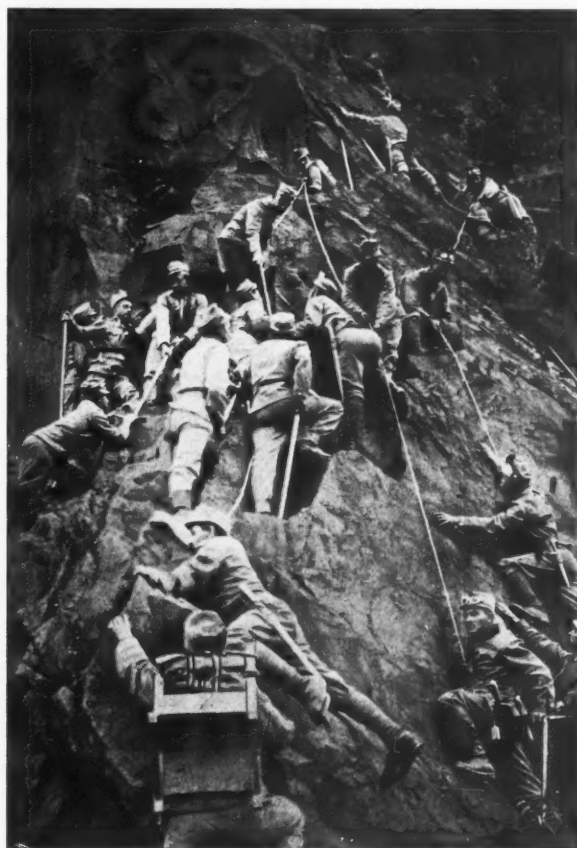


AN AUSTRIAN PATROL.

The three illustrations on this page were taken by enemy photographers.

that the military advantage they offer has induced the commanders on both sides to explore thoroughly these wonders of the nether worlds. They are natural underground strongholds of enormous capacity, of which the

where they go, no one knows. Suddenly they issue forth again into the light of day, noisy, tumultuous, throwing themselves into some other river or, like the Timavo, debouching into the Adriatic through many mouths. Before the war not all the grottoes on the Carso had been explored, but it is highly probable



FIGHTING IN THE CARSO.

Climbing a very steep mountain.

entrance is sometimes smaller than that of the average dug-out on the Western fronts; they are ideal places for hiding men, guns and munitions, proof against the prying eye of the aviator and the shells of the guns.

The roads which cross the plateau are also advantageous from a military point of view, as they sink deeply into the rock and can safely be used as communication trenches, being comparatively sheltered from view and fire. They offer thus the nearest approach on the Carso to the trench as we understand it on the Western front; elsewhere if there is a trench it has been laboriously blasted in the rock, and by far the greater part of the shelters are walls of stone and sandbags raised

above the earth. The Carso is perhaps the most typical frontier region placed by Nature to divide one race and one country from another. It is one of the natural fortresses that should bar the way into Italy. From the days when the first Huns with Attila forced the doors and burnt Aquileia to the ground its history has been a long record of violence and robbery—not of military enterprises. The Patriarchs of Aquileia, the Austrian Archdukes, the Lords of Duino, the Venetians, fought for its possession without gaining any useful advantage, until Austria extended her conquest to Venice and Milan, beginning thus her fatal dreams of hegemony in Italy, the ultimate effects of which the present war must dispel.

Although not very beautiful in themselves, and lacking the variety and grandeur of the upper Alpine valleys, yet the outer fringes of the tableland have a haunting charm where they fall into the Isonzo valley, where they slope down in wooded inclines to the sea, as in the Bay of Sistiana, or where they abruptly break down facing the sea and give Trieste its frame of mountains. In these southern regions legends abound and go back to mythological ages binding together Greece and Rome—legends of the Argonauts and of the Trojan founders of Italy. In their retreat from Troy, says one tradition, the Æolii were shipwrecked on the rocks of Duino and built there a temple in honour of Diomedes, who died in Apulia during the northward voyage. Virgil speaks of the voyage of Antenor, founder of Padua, who entering the kingdom of the Liburnians came out where "the thunder of the Timavo is echoed by the mountains and opening its nine mouths" the river becomes the sea. The "nine mouths" of the Timavo may be a poetic licence. At the present time only three can be seen; but as the geographer Strabo speaks of seven mouths, it is not impossible that in ancient times the river had actually many more outlets than at present, and that the action of the water in deepening and expanding some of the channels has made two or three into one. The Timavo is typical of the rivers of this region. It runs apparently only a few miles, its bed is very deep and the water very cold. But when we say that it runs only for a few miles we speak of what is actually visible. How far and where it falls underground no one has yet discovered. It possibly finds its source from the hundred waterfalls which disappear in the grotto of San Canziano, to reappear afterwards within a few miles of its outlet into the Adriatic.

But the most striking effect on the Carso is the dramatic suddenness with which one comes upon the sea. The railway from the junction of Nabresina makes straight in a southward direction for the coast, travelling between two high walls of rock; then turning abruptly eastward suddenly exposes to view the great Gulf of Trieste. To the eye of the traveller tired with the monotonous scenery of the stony plateau, barren, glaring, only partially relieved by briars and brambles, the sea comes with all the glory of a promised land. The light is no longer thrown back by the white stone, but is reflected in the deep basin of the water. The sky is no longer a vault weighing heavily on the earth, it blends with the sea, and if the sea is made more wonderful by the fleeting shadows of white clouds the sky in its turn takes on a deeper blue. The light which, when it fell before on the white earth, was dazzling as the reflections of a polished shield now blends with the sea into one luminous whole. While the eye rested on the hard earth one was filled with a sense of its loneliness and desolation; the sea some thousand feet below gives an impression of busy life and human activity. The lateen sails of the fishing smacks, the smoke of distant liners seen from that height, seem points of contact with a world of fairylike beauty. To the homebound traveller returning from a journey in the north the view brings to mind the cry, "Haec est Italia Diis sacra."

No one who has written about the Carso has failed to notice its characteristic sadness. Tradition brought here Dante, and certainly the hour of sunset, with the gathering shadows and distant view of the sea, might have well suggested the famous lines in the *Commedia*, "Twas now the hour that turns back the desire of those who sail the seas and melts their heart, that day when they have said to their sweet friends adieu, and pierces the new pilgrim with love, if from afar he hears the chimes which seem to mourn for the dying day" (*Purg. VIII*). Specially when seen from the water this land looks forlorn and inanimate. Carducci, in the "Ode to Miramar," asks, "What long lament is carried through the air broken by the hoarse moaning of the waves; are the dead Venetians singing or the ancient Istrian fairies?" This expresses very happily the general impression the Carso leaves on the traveller—that of a

country not so much forbidding as haunted, a country of some past era the gods forgot to destroy when that epoch vanished.

CALLING HOME THE COWS

ONE of the pleasantest tasks on the farm, and one that never seems to grow monotonous, is the fetching up of the cows for milking. It is very beautiful going down through the orchard in the cool of an early summer morning, with the dew still shining on the grass and glistening in a thousand points of light on the spiders' webs spun from branch to branch of the gnarled old apple trees; with the startled sheep leaping to their feet, and galloping off in clumsy alarm as one passes, while the lambs pause an instant to stare and sniff in solemn bewilderment before scampering after their mothers. From the branch of the apple tree comes a slight sound of startled wings, and a glimpse of green and red which tells of the woodpecker, known here as the "gully-bird," disturbed at her work of hollowing out a hole for her nest, in which she will presently lay four to seven oval-shaped, pearly tinted white eggs, glossy and beautiful to look at. In the top-most fork of the tree the missel-thrush is already sitting on her clutch of greenish blue eggs with purple blotches, in their nest of straw and clay lined with fibre, which will soon hatch and overfill the nest with curious little creatures looking as if they were made of indiarubber, with gaping yellow mouths ever open for the grubs and insects carried to them by their diligent mother.

Down by the pond a water vole is sitting, washing his face cat-wise with his two tiny paws, or smoothing the hair on his sides with a lightening sideways motion of his tiny head. Alarmed by the footsteps brushing through the grass, he darts a quick glance around him, and his beady black eyes meeting one's own for the tiniest fraction of a second, he slides into the water and disappears, leaving a trail of oily bubbles in his wake on the surface of the water.

Passing under the cherry trees, on which the cherries are ripening fast, one disturbs finches and birds of all sorts, and it is a sad thought that as soon as the cherries are ripe enough to be picked, the orchard will be constantly patrolled by the "cherry minder" with his gun, who mercilessly destroys any bird within range. The handsome jays with their brilliant wing plumage and harsh note are terrible cherry stealers, and fall victims by the dozen. So also do many innocent little birds who come to the trees and nest in the trunks in order to feed themselves and their brood on the insects which abound in the bark of the fruit trees.

Here, too, one often sees the tiny tree creeper gliding up and down the trunks with her curiously smooth motion, and if she is sure no one is looking, darting into the crevice in the bark which hides her dainty little nest of fine twigs lined with feathers and horsehair, snugly containing the little white eggs spotted with red.

As one nears the gate of the cow meadow the harsh note of alarm and sudden scuffling in the hedge tell of a blackbird surprised on her nest, and loudly apprising her neighbours of the dangerous marauder close at hand. A few paces further on, the insistent metallic note of a robin tells one that within a few steps, low down in the bank probably, there lies concealed her nest, rather untidily built of dead leaves and coarse roots, but neatly lined with moss and hair, and filled with half a dozen dainty cream eggs thickly blotched with coffee-coloured markings. Here, happily, as in many other country villages, the old superstition that it is "bad luck" to interfere with a robin, and that all the milk on the farm will mysteriously turn to blood if a robin be harmed in any way, saves her nest and its contents from being wantonly destroyed.

Down in the cow-meadow the grass is thronged with daisies, which bring to one's mind Bliss Carman's "Song of the Daisies."

A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

And all of their singing is "Earth it is well,"
And all of their dancing is "Life, thou art good."

In the meadow, too, the buttercups abound and one always feels that they must lend colour and richness to the milk and help to make the butter golden.

At the first sound of the familiar cow call with its repeated cadence of "Cup, cup, cup, come along!" Primrose, the mild-eyed little Jersey, lifts her head and gazes towards the gate, while Buttercup, larger and more phlegmatic, standing with her back to the gate, only swishes her tail in acknowledgment and goes on pulling at the luxuriant growth of tender grass, twisting her tongue round tuft after tuft and plucking it with a cropping sound, strangely audible in the still morning air. At the second call Primrose starts for the gate, and Daisy, the dark-coloured heifer, seeing her mother begin to move, and afraid she will be late, comes at full gallop from the far corner of the meadow. At sound of her flying hoofs, Buttercup lifts her head and still reluctantly makes her way up through the gate into the orchard.

Into the airy white walled cow-shed they troop, and soon all that is heard is the splashing of the milk as it foams warm into the pail, and the grinding sound of the cows ruminatively chewing their cud in sedate enjoyment.

D. MELVILLE JACKSON.

THREE NEW VARIETIES OF RABBITS

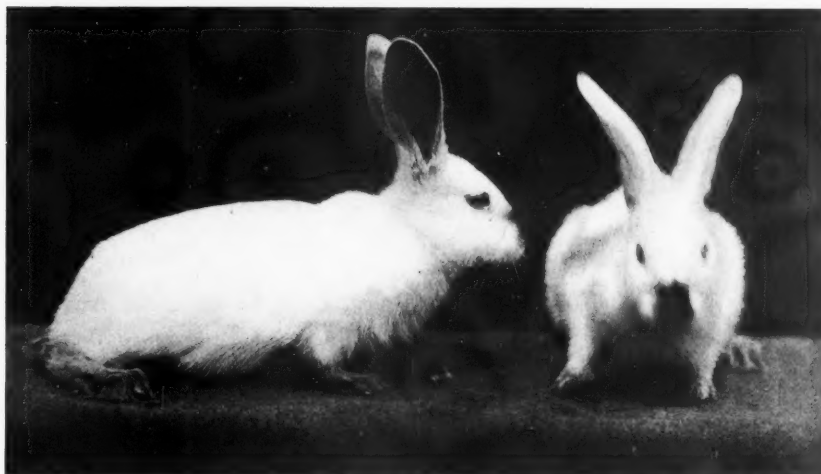
TO call the Japanese rabbit "new" is not strictly correct, because it was first exhibited in Paris thirty years ago (1887) and has been a recognised and popular breed in France, Switzerland, Germany and other Continental countries during the intervening period. To the majority of modern English breeders it is, however, new, because, although specimens were exhibited in these Islands in 1899,

and maybe on occasions since, the breed has never commended itself to the tastes of our easily prejudiced fanciers. As the variety has been developed abroad on lines which give it a strong claim for recognition from the utility point of view, it is certainly worth while bringing it to the notice of modern breeders.

Despite their name, Japanese rabbits have nothing to do with Japan, but are essentially a French production or "creation," as they would no doubt call them. Like most other striking and markedly differing breeds, they simply "came," being thrown, it is believed, in a litter of rabbits of the Dutch breed, though their precise origin is rather obscure. They differ from their first parents, as well as from every other variety of rabbit, in the fact that they are yellow in colour with more or less well defined markings on the head and body in the form of stripes or patches of black. They represent a distinct "break" in rabbit coloration, and as such are of scientific as well as popular interest. Why the breed is called Japanese it is impossible to discover, unless it is that the bizarre appearance of the creatures suggested something of Eastern origin.

The French aim at producing a medium-sized rabbit weighing about 5½ lb. It should be of varying shades of yellow and orange, the richer the hue and the more diversified the colour the better. The black markings should be limited to (1) the head and (2) the body. The former markings are most important in French estimation, and consist of a head equally divided down the centre, one half being black, the other half rich orange. The body should be crossed by two or three wide "zebra stripes" or bands of black as sharp-cut and dense as possible. The feet and belly should be yellow to cream in shade and not white, no white markings are permissible.

The German type of rabbit, from which the few specimens at present in England are descended, is different in some respects. For one thing, it is larger and coarser, weighing at least 7 lb., and as much more as possible. Then, a number of narrow "tiger" stripes, less clean-cut, are considered more desirable than wider, denser stripes, and no importance is attached in the standard to a divided head, although breeders themselves apparently value it greatly. The accompanying illustration shows a typical German specimen with a very fair approximation to French markings; but it is as well to add that only a very small proportion of the young ones bred in even a good



C. J. Davies.

PAIR OF YOUNG WHITE BEVERENS.

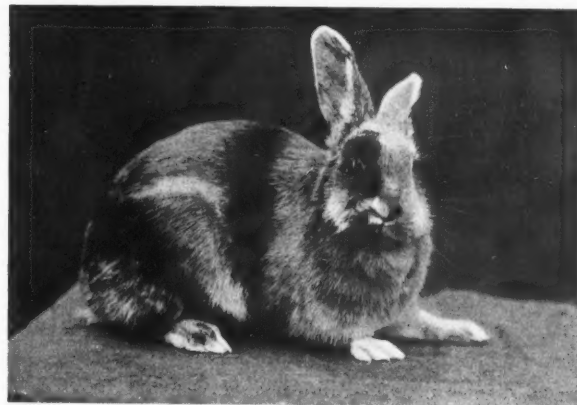
Copyright

stud are likely to come with as good or better markings than this one, for no race of rabbit can be less depended upon to come true to type.

From the utility point of view the Japanese rabbit has a very good reputation. It is claimed for it that it grows as rapidly as many Flemish Giants, matures much earlier, has a far better quality of flesh and a smaller proportion of offal (below 35 per cent.). It is short and rather arched in back,

has thighs very closely attached to the body, and short legs. For hardiness, prolificacy and good rearing qualities it is said to be unexcelled. The pelt is, of course, of no value, as, apart from the fact of bicoloration, the fur, although of good length and thickness, is comparatively coarse and stiff owing to selection for lustre and brilliance of markings. To those who like variety among their animals the breed will no doubt commend itself, and it is reputed to cross well with most other races.

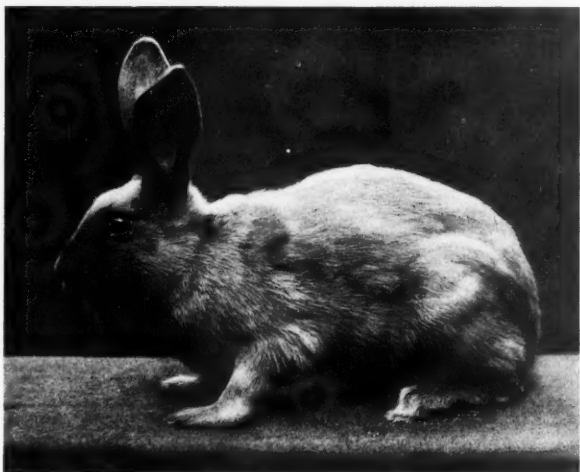
The second variety is called "lilac" or "lavender" by reason of its peculiar shade or hue. To the uninitiated, with no other rabbits to compare it with, it might pass as a blue; but it differs from a pure blue in the facts that its brown-tipped fur gives it a "lilac" shade and its eyes glow redly in a dim light. As a matter of fact, the variety is scientifically known in Mendelian phraseology as a "dilute chocolate," and has been recently produced by a Cambridge experimenter by crossing



C. J. Davies.

JAPANESE DOE.

Copyright.



C. J. Davies.

"LILAC" DOE.

Copyright.

the chocolate-coloured Havanas with self blues. It breeds quite true to colour, and is a useful and interesting addition to the self-coloured breeds, with probably about the same table value as the Havana, but with a less valuable fur. There seems to be a second strain in the hands of fanciers, specimens of which were exhibited at the Crystal Palace in 1913.

The third variety is here publicly christened White Beveren for want of a better name, and is by no means the least valuable of the three breeds dealt with. A breeder of Blue Beverens was last year (1916) surprised to find several pink-eyed white youngsters among his blues from blue parents. He sold them when a few weeks old to the present writer, and they eventually developed like Himalayans, but with blue points. There is no mention in any modern French or German book of a breed with this characteristic, nor does a blue-pointed Himalayan appear to have ever been known in England, so that it is presumably legitimate to regard them as a new, distinct, very attractive, and hitherto unnamed breed. There is little doubt that they will breed true to type. The accompanying photograph of two of them taken when under twelve weeks old and before they had developed their full blue colour on ears and feet (it only comes with the first moult) shows the Beveren peculiarities of length of shoulder and V-shaped ear carriage. As a white fur breed of a larger size and with a better coat than our Himalayan is badly needed in this country, it is to be hoped that these rabbits will form the nucleus and in course of time become the ancestors of a valuable utility breed.

C. J. DAVIES.



THE revolution in English house building which was accomplished in the last quarter of the sixteenth and first quarter of the seventeenth centuries is best followed in its initial stages in the collection of designs made by John Thorpe, and preserved in the Soane Museum. Among them are those for Wollaton Hall. They prove that the house was substantially built between the years 1580 and 1588, as Thorpe had planned. He was not indeed the actual builder. The work was carried out by Robert Smythson, "architector and surveyor," as his monument in Wollaton Church describes him, and he made some changes, but not fundamental ones. The great house was built for Sir Francis Willoughby, a member of the eminent family which still owns and resides in it.

The founder of their fortune was one of an old Saxon family called Bugge. He was a rich wool-stapler of Nottingham, "the original ancestor of divers good families." In the year 1241-42 he purchased lands at Willoughby-on-the-Wolds and so gave stability to the wealth he had acquired. His grandson Richard was knighted, and he and his descendants became known by the name of their estate, Willoughby, and later, Willoughby. Sir Richard was a shrewd man and a lawyer. He "increased his patrimony exceedingly," and died in 1325. His monument may be seen in Willoughby Church. Another Sir Richard followed, a Justice of the Common Pleas, *temp.* Edward III, whose recumbent figure habited in a lawyer's robe is in the same church. He married Isabella de Morteyn of Wollaton, obtained Wollaton by

marriage with his first wife, and acquired that estate, and left it to his son by the second. The fortunate heir Sir Edmund was followed by Sir Hugh, who, again by marriage with a de Freville, added the Middleton estates in Warwickshire to the family property. His tomb in the local alabaster, which the Nottingham "alabasterers" were so practised in sculpturing for home use and Continental export, may be seen near the others in Willoughby Church. It is the last; for succeeding members of the family preferred to set up their monuments in the church at Wollaton. The first, whose canopied tomb remains there, was Sir Hugh's grandson Sir Henry. He married four wives, and by the third of them became the father of the great Sir Hugh Willoughby, the navigator, over whose doings we may linger for a moment.

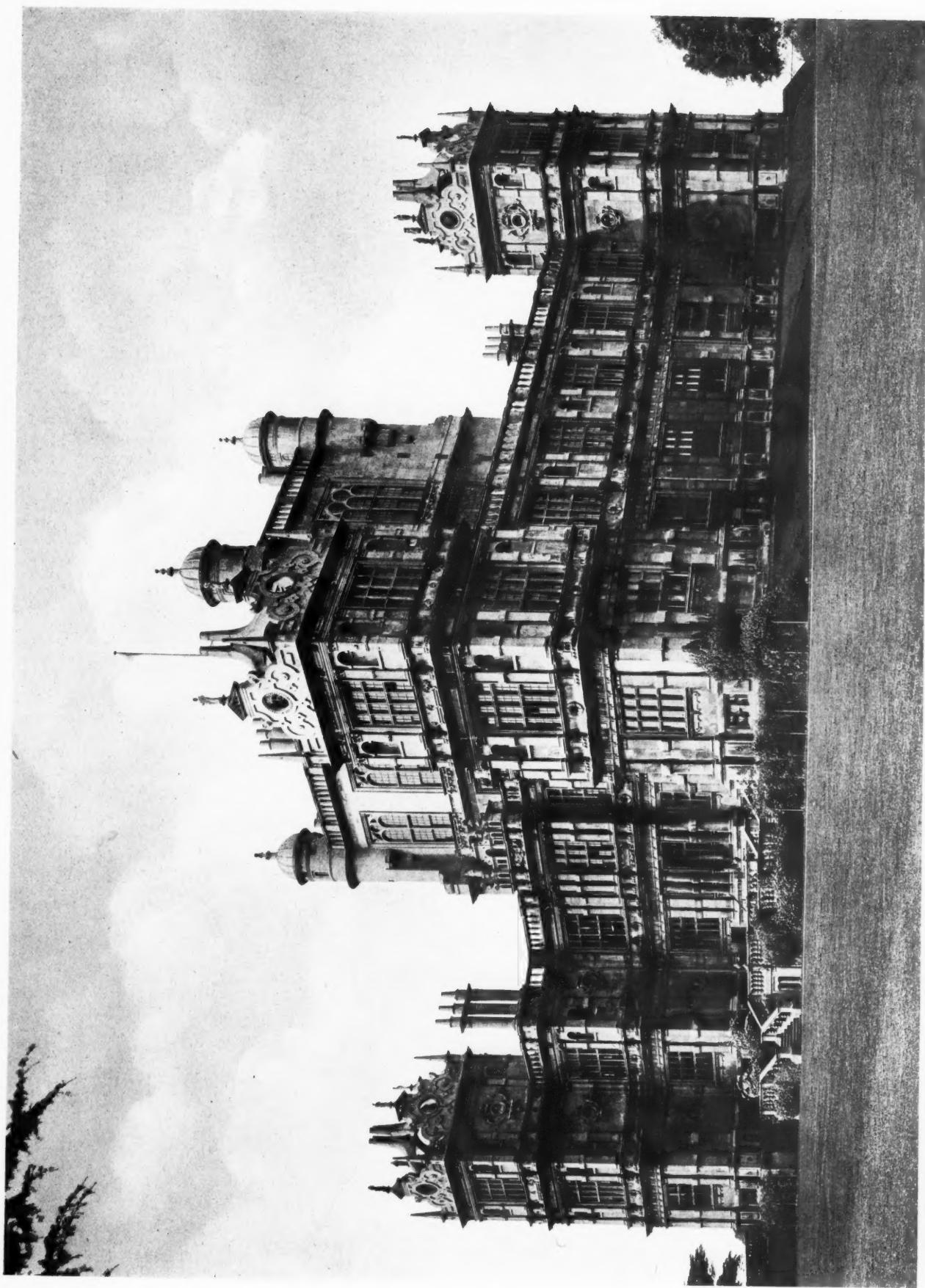
In 1553 the Company of Merchant Adventurers, instigated by Sebastian Cabot, sent out three ships to search for the North-East Passage. They were under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby



Copyright.

ENTRANCE AND NORTH-WEST TOWER.

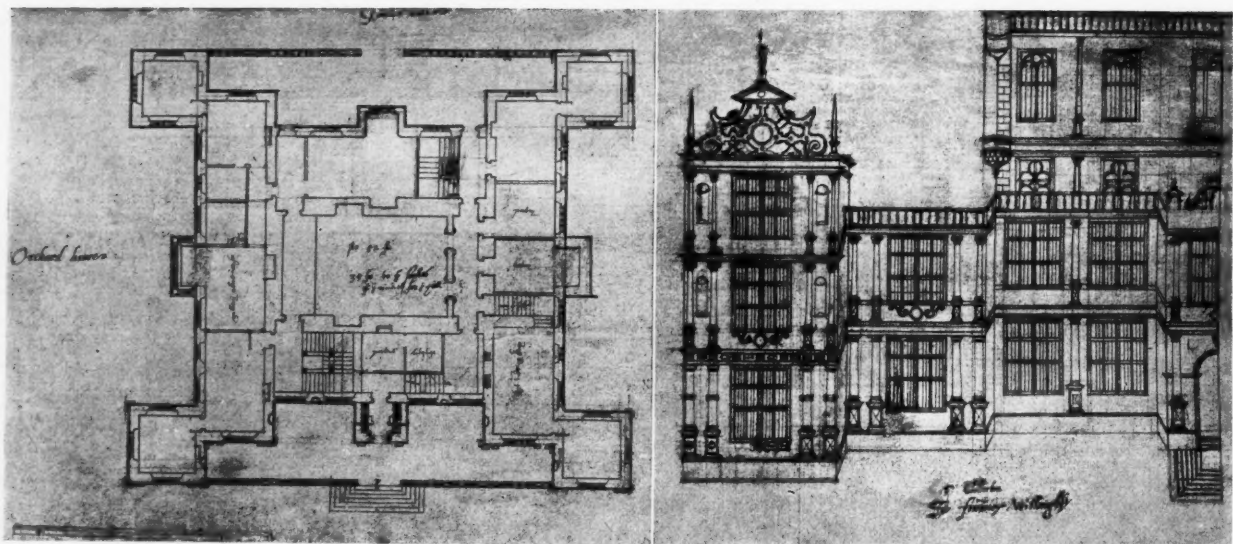
"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

Copyright.



THORPE'S PLAN AND ELEVATION.

and Richard Chancellor. Willoughby discovered Novaja Zemlja and attempted to winter in Lapland, but perished with the crews of two of the ships. Chancellor was more fortunate. He found the White Sea and penetrated to near the mouth of the Dwina, whence he travelled overland to Moscow. He obtained from the Czar a grant of trading privileges for his Company and returned safely to England. The result of this expedition was important. It opened direct trade between England and Russia and

inaugurated the sea route which has proved of such vital importance in the present war. Previously England had depended for supplies of cordage, essential for the rigging of ships, upon the imports of the Hanseatic League. The nascent British Navy and the merchant marine were thus absolutely in the grip of the German trading federation, and they saw to it that British maritime enterprise should not flourish. The route opened by the Willoughby Expedition freed the British ships from German

control. The expansion of our sea-power in the days of Elizabeth was the direct result, and if we were able to beat off the Spanish Armada and presently to upset the power of the Hanse over English export trade, it was to a measurable degree owing to the work of the Willoughby-Chancellor Expedition. Owing to defective means of fixing longitudes the land discovered by Willoughby was set down on the charts too far to the west and called Willoughby Land.

When Basents in 1596 discovered Spitsbergen and it was found to be a great base for whale fishing, the English claimed ownership of it by right of prior discovery, asserting it was Willoughby Land and no other. They were wrong. Willoughby Land is identical with Novaja Zemlja, but for half a century it formed matter for heated diplomatic negotiations, the end of which is not yet, Spitsbergen being still No Man's Land, and now desired by many because of the rich coal deposits it contains.



Copyright.

CENTRE OF SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The grandson of the Sir Henry Willoughby who was Sir Hugh's father, likewise named Henry, married Lady Anne Grey, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey's aunt. He was killed in a riot at Norwich in 1549. It was his second son, Sir Francis, who built Wollaton Hall and, therefore, specially interests us, though we need spend no space on his elaborate matrimonial troubles, whereof much is recorded. When the new house was built a reconciliation was patched

was left with an encumbered estate and rather bare houses. She was the eldest surviving daughter of Sir Francis, the builder, and her husband was a kinsman, Percival Willoughby by name, of the Kentish Willoughbys de Eresby. From them comes the present male line of the house of Eresby. He was knighted by James I and became a member of Parliament and the father of many children. Another eminent Francis was his grandson, who attained a high reputation



Copyright

ENTRANCE ON NORTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

up, but few regretted the death of his shrew of a wife in 1594. She had given her husband four surviving daughters, but no son, so he married again in hopes of an heir but only got more trouble, and greatly impoverished his inheritance in favour of the lady. When he died in 1596 she carried away plate, possessions and landed property which on her second marriage passed with her to the Whartons. The heiress

as a naturalist. Some of his natural history collections, his coins, his scientific instruments, and a part of his library are carefully preserved and honoured at Wollaton. He was a born student, devoting himself first to mathematics then to natural history. He went into a kind of intellectual partnership with John Ray, who had been his tutor at Trinity College, Cambridge. He travelled widely in pursuit



Copyright.

A CORNER TURRET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

PARAPET OF WEST FRONT AND CENTRAL TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of his science, contributed papers to the Royal Society, and died at the early age of thirty-seven, leaving to Ray an annuity and the duty of bringing up his children. Ornithologists remember his name with respect. The elder boy was created a baronet at the age of ten in honour of his father's work, but he died young and the title was conferred on his brother Thomas. Later, in 1711, Sir Thomas was raised to the peerage as Baron Middleton. His sister Cassandra, who married, as second wife, her own first cousin, the Duke of Chandos, left two volumes of excerpts from family records and accounts, dated 1702, both for a time lost, but one not long ago was recovered and is now treasured at Wollaton. The present owner of the title and estates is the ninth Baron. Wollaton Hall and its contents owe much to the attention paid to them and the treasuring up of all the traditions connected with them by the present Lady Middleton.

It appears to have been Sir Francis Willoughby's first intention to build his new house at Middleton in Warwickshire, and traces of the foundations laid down by him are still discoverable in a wood near Middleton Hall. What led him to change his mind is not recorded. Perhaps he was attracted by the admirable site eventually chosen on the top of a slight eminence from which the ground falls in all directions. A better could scarcely be desired. At all events in 1580 the new work was begun and in 1588 finished, as an inscription over a doorway testifies. The stone for it was fetched down from the Ancaster quarries in Lincolnshire—carried by pack-horses they say, which went from Nottingham laden with coal to pay for it. In almost

any general view of the exterior seen as a whole from a certain distance the great central tower has the appearance of an addition rather out of harmony with the rest. An addition it certainly was not, though it may have been an afterthought, for it is clearly indicated on John Thorpe's designs. The general idea of the whole is simple—a great four-square house, two-storeyed, with a

The main walls are covered with an elaborate balustrading, and the corner towers with ornate gables, pinnacles and statues.

The four façades are richly diversified with all kinds of features symmetrically arranged, symmetry being in fact throughout a ruling quality. The great treble-mullioned, double-transomed windows are the determining



Copyright

THE SOUTH-EAST TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tower rising to a third storey at each corner, and the great tower higher still thrust up in the midst. This tower surmounts and expresses the great hall, which occupies the centre of the building, and thus preserves the mediæval tradition in respect of the provision of such a room, but departs from it in the position which it occupies relatively to the rest of the house. We shall return to this point later.

feature of the design, as are the windows of Hardwick, but here they are less boldly employed. Wollaton, however, was not an improved Hardwick, for it was finished before Hardwick was begun. Similarities may also be traced in Barlborough Hall, Derbyshire, but that also was begun three years later than Wollaton. The windows do not stand out gauntly as at Hardwick, but melt into their pilastered,



TOMB OF SIR RICHARD WILLOUGHBY.

niched and corniced surroundings. The proportions of all these parts are good. Provision was made for a great deal of sculpture, and if the niches had been filled the effect would have been much enriched. As it is, the number of stone figures on the skyline and of busts in medallions is considerable, about 200 they say. Duchess Cassandra records that they came from Italy, and there is a tradition that the ship which was carrying a cargo of figures for the niches was wrecked. The south front has a central portal led up to by balustraded staircases; and here the façade is not straight, but broken by jutting corners at the ends which thus lead outward to the towers. The east front is flat and a little



Copyright. TOMB OF SIR HENRY WILLOUGHBY. "C.L."

plainer, and the west front facing towards the stables plainer still, being devoid of pilasters and niches. The principal entrance is in the middle of the north façade which is similar to the south, but here some changes of no great importance are said to have been made by Sir Geoffrey Wyatt. They can scarcely have affected anything except the stone staircase. In its present condition the south front is the most effective. Much of the calculated aspect of elaboration and splendour is due to the decorative features so profusely introduced aloft. The clever adaptation of chimneys on the towers in a form resembling the closing of a crown deserves notice. "Cobb did the chimneys." Elsewhere the chimneys are frankly confessed and well proportioned and placed. Though nowise hidden they are very unobtrusive. The central tower, markedly plain and massive, contrasts strongly with all the fretwork in stone out of which it rises. Its great windows are filled with round-arched tracery. Plain cylindrical turrets, reminiscent of France, grow out of its corners. There is a light

gallery a third of the way up which marks the top of the great hall and the floor level of the huge chamber above it. This contrast of character was doubtless intended, but can scarcely be praised. If, however, by removing this tower the remainder were to be at once simplified and enriched, that gain would be counterbalanced by a loss in majesty; for it cannot be denied that this high mass in the centre is a chief

element in the imposing effect produced on every spectator when the whole bursts upon his vision. Terraces, wide lawns, grassy slopes, and noble trees now form the immediate frame of the house. A careful picture, painted in William III's day, shows the disposition of the formal garden, that must then have harmonised well with the architecture; and some will assert that the architecture of Wollaton would be better displayed if its quality of formal design were led up to by gardens geometrically laid out as foreground carpets before each façade.

MARTIN CONWAY.



Copyright. TABLET TO ARCHITECT. "C.L."

TO A DIPPER.

(Lines suggested by the letter of a correspondent to COUNTRY LIFE.)

The trout-stream traversed by its one safe plank,
I find thy dwelling hidden in the bank—
Icicles fringing it, snow-wreaths at the rear.
Yet, warm beneath its dome, thy white-throat dear
Longs for thy coming, ready betimes to brood. . . .
Blithe water-poet! angle first for food,
Then dip-splash through the feathery foam,
And, with melodious greeting, hie thee home!

FAITH HEARN.

EMILE CLAUS

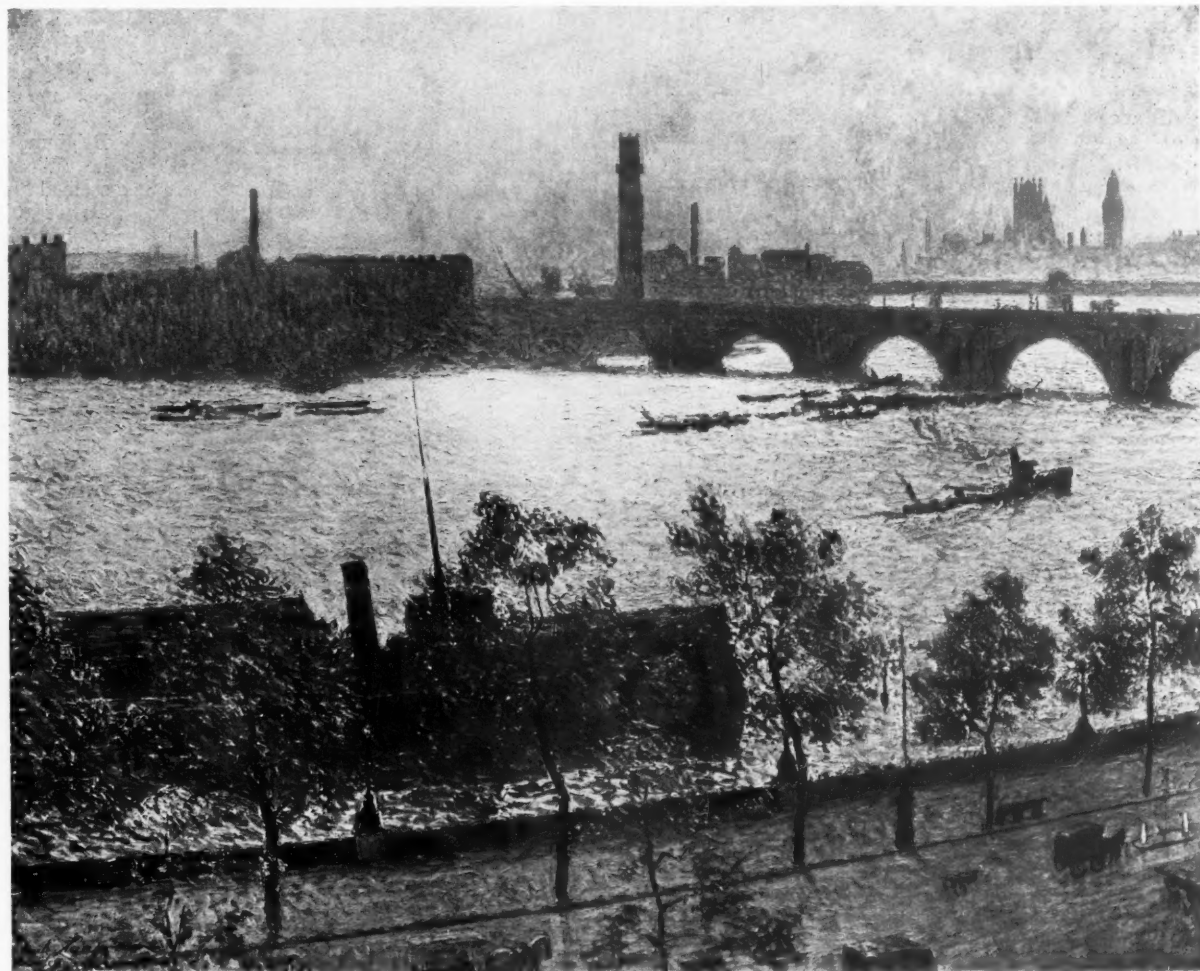
BY EMILE CAMMAERTS.

I SHALL always remember the first time that I saw a picture by Claus: some cows in a shaded Flemish road with patches of light playing upon their hides. It was twenty years ago, and I thought that I had never seen the sun in a landscape before. This shaded road made you positively hot. It just spread warmth and summer on the wall. One could hear the bees and the flies hum in the oppressive silence, and the shuffling noise of the feet of the cattle on the hardened ground.

It was the first time that I had heard the artist's name, and I, of course, enquired about him. People laughed and shrugged their shoulders: "Emile Claus? The man who pretends to paint the light? You are interested in that sort of thing? Well, if you ask me, I believe he has a bee in his bonnet. He has given up studio painting. Always in the open—no work at home. He lives like a kind of hermit in the country not far from Ghent, in a cottage on the bank

I met Claus for the first time two years ago. It is very seldom that you find in a well known man what you expected to find after admiring his work. That is why our first meeting startled me. Brimming with life and enthusiasm, absolutely simple and unaffected, Flemish to the finger tips, he brought the old country back to me so vividly that the impression was almost painful. All the sky of Flanders was in his keen, grey eyes; all the obstinate independence of her people in his free brows, his pointed beard and the *négligé* of his demeanour. Even the manner in which he wore his clothes had something unique and essentially national: the Belgian plain was hidden in the folds of his tie! When I shook hands with him it was as if I had felt against my palm the rough bark of one of those glorious willows under whose arches glide our streams.

He did not merely belong to the country, he *was* the country. And I remembered that, when asked for his portrait by himself for the gallery in the Uffizi, Claus had gone into



A CORNER OF WATERLOO BRIDGE. MIDDAY—NOVEMBER.

of the Lys. His garden is full of the brightest flowers all through the spring and summer, and he sits there and paints small patches of colour which he calls the sun. . . ."

About ten years later I saw an exhibition of Claus' works in Brussels at the Cercle Artistique. The battle was won, success had come, and though many people would not yet believe that shades could be purple, blue or green, they took their hats off to a great man and a great reputation. Besides, compared with the last batch of French neo-impressionists, Claus had become almost a moderate: "At least, with him we still know where we are," said the flustered bourgeois. Indeed, we knew it. Flanders had come into her own again. The old tradition of warm light and bright colouring of our fifteenth and seventeenth century painters had been renewed. Only, this time, the magician had stepped out of his studio and was pouring on his canvas the golden light itself, just as Turner had done.

his garden and painted himself there in a glaring sun in front of a mirror. He said that he had painted the reflection of his garden in his face: this patch of light on his chin representing the glittering river, and the moving shades on his sleeve the leaves of the old poplar which stood in front of him.

But exile had bent the man as the west wind bends our trees. He told some jokes, of course: how he always said "Marmelade" when booking for Marble Arch; how two old ladies taking him for a German spy persecuted him a whole afternoon in Kew Gardens because he had taken a sketch. But one felt that the old Flemish tree had been uprooted, that he was too old to be transplanted. There was something pathetic in the way the artist told you that, in spite of all the permits delivered to him, he could not work well in England: "It is always the same thing. Each time I have got an effect, somebody turns up and asks me to show my papers. They

are always very kind and polite and I understand that it cannot be helped. But my effect is lost!"

A few weeks later Claus was called to La Panne by the King and Queen, who encouraged him to go on working "in order to bring back a rich harvest to Belgium." Was it the result of his visit or an inspiration from above? Soon after his return the artist found a way out of his trouble. Walking on the Embankment, his favourite haunt in town, he espied at the corner of Norfolk Street a house with a little turret. It was a flat, and the flat was to let. He climbed in his tower, "like Madame Malbrouck," and saw that he had discovered a treasure.

On one side he overlooked Waterloo Bridge, on the other he could see in the distance the two pinnacles of Tower Bridge gleaming in the sun like a golden gate. At his feet lay the Embankment, wet and glittering, with its traffic of trams and cars; and opposite, the magic castles of the factories of Southwark with, in front, the

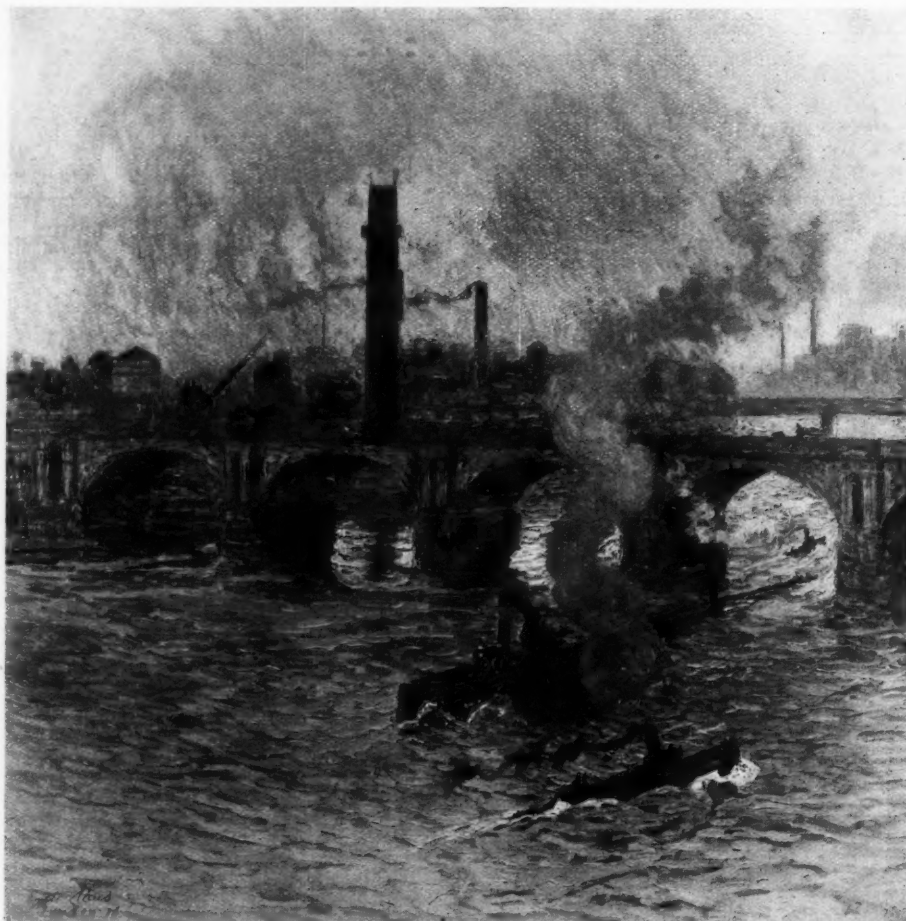
smoking funnels of the boats ploughing the river. That ought to be enough for any man; too much, far too much, for any painter. There Claus sat, keeping his address secret, there he worked undisturbed in the turret of Mowbray House for a year watching the light and the smoke and the fog and the weather, happy for the first time since he had left his Flemish garden, revelling in the moods of the Thames, painting the sun once more—no longer the golden sun of Flanders, but the golden sun of London with all the veils of smoke

and mist which Nature and man have put on this magic screen. There he sat in the midst of his pictures working sometimes at twelve subjects on the same day, catching his effects as they appeared and disappeared with the patience of an angler. There I was privileged to meet him again a few days ago, and to see the forty-five pictures which he had painted from his seven windows.

He was no longer an exile. He was at home now in London. Just as simple and familiar as before, but full of a childish delight in his works.

I am not going to say anything about them. The reader will see them at the Goupil Gallery where they are on view, and he will judge for himself.

Besides, I am prejudiced. Claus is to me part and stock of Belgium. If he failed, it seemed to me as if the whole country failed. This short visit to Mowbray House has been the purest joy which I have felt since the news of the fall of Antwerp. Claus and London have given it to me and I am grateful to both—infinitely.



ROUGH WEATHER.

Now people will talk of Turner and Whistler and many others. Some people will revel in comparisons because it gives them an opportunity of displaying their knowledge. I wish however, that they would look at these pictures with the same freshness of mind and eye with which Claus looked at the Thames from his magic turret of Mowbray House. I wish they would feel, as I did after looking at them, that Belgium has already taken her revenge on German Kultur.

LITERATURE

A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION

AMONG biographical accounts of heroes of the war, Mr. William Archer's Introduction to the *Poems*, by Alan Seeger (Constable), must be accorded a very high place. Mr. Archer during his long literary career has never had the reputation of a firebrand. His reasoned Radicalism, indeed, inclines him usually to take a pacifist view of international relations, and is readily called forth by the enunciation of the sentiments associated with the literature and drama of men like Ibsen and Tolstoy. But in this remarkably good essay he develops a deep sympathy and understanding of the motives which have impelled freedom-loving countries to take up arms against Germany. Alan Seeger may stand as the type of a very modern class of young American, and one's greatest regret is that he should have been killed in action before he knew that his Fatherland was coming into the struggle. He was the son of New England parents, of an old family, and was

born on June 22nd, 1888, so that when he fell on the field of Belloy-en-Santerre he was only twenty-eight years of age, just moving out of the period which he calls "the sweet fifth lustrum of my days." He had lived up to the time of the war a life mostly devoted to pleasure. The last lines of the first sonnet in the second series describe his life:

Down the free roads of human happiness
I frolicked, poor of purse but light of heart,
And lived in strict devotion all along
To my three idols—Love and Arms and Song.

His mind from childhood was steeped in the beauty of the Far West. From his first until his tenth year he lived at Staten Island, which Mr. Archer wittily describes as the stopper to the bottle of New York Harbour. He and his brothers and sisters looked out below

upon one of the most romantic scenes in the world—the gateway to the Western Hemisphere. They could see the great steamships of all the nations threading their way through the Narrows and passing in procession up the

glorious expanse of New York Bay, to which the incessant local traffic of tug-boats, river steamers and huge steam-ferries lent an ever-shifting animation. In the foreground lay Robbins Reef Lighthouse, in the middle distance the Statue of Liberty, in the background the giant curves of Brooklyn Bridge, and, range over range, the mountainous buildings of "down town" New York—not then as colossal as they are to-day, but already unlike anything else under the sun. And the incoming stream of tramps and liners met the outgoing stream which carried the imagination seaward, to the islands of the buccaneers, and the haunts of all the heroes and villains of history, in the Old World.

In 1898 the family returned to New York, and Alan continued at Horace Mann School the education begun at the Staten Island Academy. In 1900 the family removed to Mexico, where the boy spent the most impressionable years of his youth. Let us quote Mr. Archer again:

To pass from the United States to Mexico is like passing at one bound from the New World to the Old. Wherever it has not been recently Americanised, its beauty is that of sunbaked, somnolent decay. It is in many ways curiously like its mother—or rather its step-mother—country, Spain. But Spain can show nothing to equal the spacious magnificence of its scenery or the picturesqueness of its physiognomies and its costumes.

The colour and romance of Mexico became interwoven with all the thought of later years. From 1910 to 1912 he was in New York, doing very little and showing no disposition to enter into the ordinary walks by which prosperity was reached in the United States. Paris was calling him, and in 1913 he found his way to the gay city. In the words of his biographer:

It was in the spirit of the romanticist of the eighteen-forties that he plunged into the life of Paris. He had a room near the Musée de Cluny, and he found himself thoroughly at home among the artists and students of the Latin Quarter, though he occasionally varied the *Vie de Bohème* by excursions into "society" of a more orthodox type. Paris has had many lovers, but few more devoted than Alan Seeger. He accepted the life of "die singende, springende, schöne Paris" with a curious whole-heartedness.

But this idle Bohemian life was not to endure long. In the middle of July, 1914, he was in England, where he had a meeting with his father, described by the latter with regretful pleasure as three days of the closest intimacy. They went together to Canterbury Cathedral, where Alan showed himself particularly enthusiastic over the reading of the Psalms, and said: "Was there ever such English written as that of the Bible?" They parted on July 25th, and two days later the Austrian ultimatum had been presented to Serbia. Alan returned to Paris as soon as a European war appeared inevitable, and before it was three weeks old he, with forty or fifty of his fellow countrymen, enlisted in the famous Foreign Legion. Gratitude to France formed a large part of the inducement. It is all set out in his "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France," in which he declares that those "to whom our land's good name is dear" should cry:

Now heaven be praised
That in that hour that most imperilled her,
Menaced her liberty who foremost raised
Europe's bright flag of freedom, some there were
Who, not unmindful of the antique debt,
Came back the generous path of Lafayette;
And when of a most formidable foe
She checked each onset, arduous to stem—
Foiled and frustrated them—
On those red fields where blow with furious blow
Was countered, whether the gigantic fray
Rolled by the Meuse or at the Bois Sabot,
Accents of ours were in the fierce mêlée;
And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground
Where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires,
When the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,
And on the tangled wires
The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,
Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers;—
Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops;
Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours.

Before the war he was very fond of repeating that famous motto from the Waverley Novels:

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name,

and if this was his wish, it was amply fulfilled.

After two weeks' training in camp, and less than two months from enlistment, he received his baptism of fire. The history of his soldiering is told in his own vivid, picturesque letters. He died gallantly during the great advance that began in July of last year. For his epitaph Mr. Archer selects the passage from his Ode beginning

And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground,

Analytic or detailed criticism of the verses of this gallant soldier would be out of place. The quotations interspersed in the article do not represent the best that could be found. They are rather used simply as elucidation of different points in the biography. Alan Seeger was widely read in poetic literature. In those poems which he calls his "Juvenilia" these sources of inspiration are plainly seen, but in the two years of war his poetic facility ripened enormously, and had he lived, his place would have been high in American literature. Perhaps it will be none the less high because of his life being interrupted in his prime. The American reader, at any rate, will take the poems with a lively sense of the noble and generous disposition of the writer, who gave his life in a great cause for which he fought with no base or selfish interest of his own.

IN THE GARDEN

PLANTS IN STEPS AND PAVEMENTS.

By GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

IT was the example of the natural growth of small plants in the joints of steps and at the edges of pavements that led to their being so planted intentionally, and in very careful hands it is a charming way of gardening. What Nature does in this way is full of surprises, for it sometimes happens that what one would have considered a most unlikely plant places itself in dry wall or pavement and justifies its intrusion by a distinct success. But though plants will of their own accord do well in most unlikely places, when they are intentionally placed it should be with the fullest sympathy with



ERINUS AND WILD GERANIUM ON SOME OUTSIDE STEPS TO A LOFT.



CORYDALIS OCHROLEUCA SELF SOWN IN A STEP.

what is known of their needs. It is also important that it should be done in strict moderation, for there are gardens that should be taken as warnings where the plants in pavements are so much in excess that it becomes impossible to use the paving for its original purpose as a place to walk on, and there are steps so much crowded with vegetation that no one can go up or down without some crushing or bruising of pretty plants. The illustrations show two examples of self-sown plants in the joints of stonework. Some rough sandstone steps lead up to a loft over a stable. They have a partial coating of moss, but where they join the wall an accumulation of dust and various small

débris have formed a little deposit of soil in which *Erinus* thrives and this year is accompanied by the pretty wild Herb Robert (*Geranium Robertianum*). Higher up in the same flight of steps a bush of Rosemary has come, also from self-sown seed, and has thriven so well that it has been necessary to cut back all the front branches to allow of free passage.

THE ECONOMIC SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MIGRATIONS OF LEATHER-JACKETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The movements of the larvæ of daddy-long-legs, or leather-jacket, are probably not so unusual as the lack of observations regarding them would suggest, but in view of the scarcity of records and of the importance of these short migrations to the farmer, the case quoted by your correspondent (May 26th) is of value. My own impression is that the migrations take place regularly, though not always on a large scale, and that they must be taken account of if any serious attempt is to be made to eradicate this pest, especially in the case of grain crops. A note on the significance of the phenomenon may suggest a mode of dealing with the plague, and may lead to further observations on the part of your readers. A couple of summers ago the occurrence of a large migration was described to me by a Perthshire proprietor. On part of his estate the leather-jackets became a perfect nuisance, for they moved in hundreds from a small plot of grass, clambered down a retaining wall, crossed a concrete pavement, climbed up the walls of cottages in the vicinity, entered the lower windows, and appeared in the sculleries and rooms. I formed the conclusion at the time that the migration was probably analogous to those of lemmings and other rodents, that, in fact, so many larvæ had hatched and developed that the grass plot had become seriously overstocked, and that the movement was simply an attempt on the part of superabundant individuals to find fresh feeding grounds. That this irruption of leather-jackets and that mentioned by your correspondent should have happened upon concrete paths and houses was no more than a matter of ill-luck from the creatures' point of view, just as it is the misfortune of lemmings often to end their wanderings in the sea. Subsequent evidence confirmed this view. Dr. John Rennie of Aberdeen University, who has been for some years carrying out investigations on the habits of these harmful larvæ, told me that several of his experiments had been without result owing to the fact that the leather-jackets deliberately introduced into experimental plots for observational purposes had mysteriously disappeared.

Into plots of 2½ ft. by 6 ft. as many as 700 larvæ were introduced; but from three plots, which had contained altogether 2,100 leather-jackets, only 295 were recovered, and very few crane-flies had hatched. Another plot was stocked with 2,995 leather-jackets, yet the crane-flies hatched came very far short of this number, and no trace of larvæ could be found in the soil. Clearly, these larvæ, placed in great numbers in plots where food was quite insufficient in quantity (oats had been sown in the plots) had found it necessary to seek another feeding ground, a statement strongly supported by the discovery of leather-jackets in control plots in which none had been placed originally. The significance of the movements of leather-jackets lies in the fact that the means at present taken to combat the pest consist of applying various chemicals to the area in which damage has been done or of crushing the larvæ by rolling this area. Now, if it be the case that leather-jackets make a habit of moving from one area to another as food supplies demand, these remedies must be very partial in their effect, for although the infected area of corn land may be temporarily cleared, it is likely that newcomers will be ready to take the place of those destroyed should the land be surrounded by borders of rough grass, by waste land, or by meadows in which the crane-flies find a suitable and secure breeding place. To these centres of infection attention must be paid, as well as to

the corn land, where, because of the damage done to growing grain, the harmful presence of the leather-jackets is more easily detected.—JAMES RITCHIE.

HARICOT BEANS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I saw in *COUNTRY LIFE* some time ago a recommendation to grow Mont d'Or Waxpod, Haricot de Soissons blanc, Haricot St. Fiacre and varieties of Haricot Coco for beans for the winter. I cannot procure any of them, and would be glad to know where they can be got. I want the tall varieties.—(Mrs.) MACDONALD.

[These varieties are stocked by V. Lemoine et Fils, horticulteurs, Nancy, but we understand that the export of beans from France is now prohibited. It is possible, however, that a permit might be obtained by this firm from the French Government. Some of the varieties named, together with others equally good, are included in the catalogues issued by Messrs. Sutton and Sons, Reading, and Messrs. Barr and Sons, King Street, Covent Garden, while Messrs. S. Bide and Sons, Farnham, announce the arrival from France (by special permit) of climbing white haricot beans that grow to a height of 8 ft. or 9 ft. and require the same treatment as scarlet runners. Seed should be sown at once, or it will be too late for this season.—Ed.]

BUTTER BEANS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The bean which is most popular in my household—we eat great quantities of it—is a large, white, very flat bean. The grocers in our town call it butter bean. I enclose herewith a few for your inspection. Can you tell me the right name of it? It is not, I think, the Dwarf Golden Waxpod (butter bean) of which you write. Are not these beans black? Whatever its name, I very confidently recommend it. I have sown a quantity of it.—G. H. W.

[The bean sent for inspection is the Lima, usually sold under the name of butter bean by the grocer. It is distinct from the Dwarf Golden Waxpod, also a butter bean, the seeds of which are black. So far as we are aware, the white butter bean sent for inspection has not been grown successfully in the open in this country. We should be interested to hear if our correspondent has grown it in previous years and, if so, with what success? We understand that this bean was tried at Wisley and failed. Our supplies are imported from Burmah and other warm places. Almost any variety of dwarf bean commonly in cultivation may be grown in this country as a butter bean. The Waxpod is excellent, and so are Magnum Bonum, Green Gem and Canadian Wonder. If sown at once in a sunny position, ripe seeds should be harvested by the end of September, when the plants should be pulled up and hung up to dry. After drying is well assured the beans should be shelled and kept dry for winter use.—Ed.]

SUGARLESS JAM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a regular reader of *COUNTRY LIFE* I am much interested in the article in your issue of May 19th on "Bottling Fruit Pulp Without Sugar or Water," but I should be very glad to know whether the pulp should be tied down instantly while boiling hot or allowed to get cold first.—GERALDINE M. WARDEN.

[The jars, after being filled with sulphur fumes, should be filled to within half an inch or so of the top with the pulp. Sulphur fumes from an inverted jar should then be poured on the top of the pulp and the jar tied down immediately, that is, while the pulp is boiling. The pulp would not keep if allowed to cool before being tied down. The pulp, which is really sugarless jam, should be of a fairly stiff consistency. Very little water should be added before boiling, a tablespoonful being enough for a small preserving pan.—Ed.]

CORRESPONDENCE

A BIRD'S SONG UNDER SHELL-FIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know whether the enclosed would be of any use to you. It is based on an actual incident which happened to me in the last attack on a village which has been much in the *communiqués*. As I was lying in a shell-hole during one of the fiercest barrages that the Boche has ever put up, a little bird hopped up from nowhere and stayed a minute singing to its heart's content, before flying on again. It had a wonderful effect on everybody who saw it.

MAY, 1917.

A vast Inferno, such as Dante n'er
Envisaged, roars and bursts about my head;
By scientific fury, Earth grows red
With blood, and chaos rends the air:
My dearest friend has fallen by my side,
My head is bursting with the strain
The while I strive to act with throbbing brain
For my command, whose lives 'tis mine to guide.

But as I crouch in torment close to ground,
I see a tiny bird that flits along,
A moment lingers, trills a little song,
And onward flies. . . . Oh Nature I have found
Thy message, which, with Hope and Spring
Robs Grave of victory, and Death of sting!

"LOOT."

"WILD, WILD CHERRY."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter and photograph printed in your correspondence pages last week may well have brought a pang of longing to those who cannot hope to escape from London just now and who remember sadly, in the words of the poet whom your correspondent quotes, that

"Spring will not wait the loiterer's time
Who keeps so long away."

It may solace them, perhaps, to know that in Highgate Woods, just outside the London area, there was a beautiful group of wild cherry trees.—S.

THE STORY OF A BIG EGG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I offer you the following story of what occurred under my notice a few days ago as illustrating the ways of a boy with a maid? "Willie," said Mrs. Marshall, when paying a visit to her little grandchildren at their breakfast in the nursery, "I see you have taken the big egg, and I have noticed during the last three or four mornings that you have always had the big egg. If you look at the Book of Manners which I gave you, you will see it says you must not pick and choose when at table, so you must let your sister have it sometimes, and take the smaller egg yourself." Mrs. Marshall lived in a large house by herself, and dearly loved a visit from her little grandchildren, more especially since the terrible war had taken a heavy toll of her dear ones, for the prattle of the children helped to divert her mind from the sorrow which beset her. But she was a clever old lady, and though kindness itself, she had no mind to spoil the little ones, and did not hesitate to correct a fault when she deemed it necessary to interfere. The next morning,

according to her usual custom, she again visited the nursery at breakfast time, and was surprised to find Willie again in possession of the big egg, while a yard measure lay on the table beside him. "Willie," she said rather sharply, "have you forgotten what I said to you yesterday about the big egg! How is it you have taken it again." "Oh," replied the unabashed Willie, "I looked in the book, as you told me, Granny, and I found it said you should always take the thing nearest to you on the plate, so I measured the distance from my seat and as the big egg was the nearest I took it." For the moment Mrs. Marshall was nonplussed, and then, turning to the little girl, she enquired: "Did Willie move the plate." "Willie only turned the plate round, Grannie," lisped the child, "he thaid to thee it better." "Sneak!" ejaculated Willie, *cotto voce*. "Well, mind this," said Mrs. Marshall firmly, "you must take it in turns with your sister in future," and then she left the room. On reaching the nursery the next day Mrs. Marshall was astonished to find that once more Willie had got the big egg! "Willie," said she, and she spoke very sternly, "this is very wrong! In spite of all I have said you have again taken the big egg." But Willie cut her homily short, proud in the consciousness of being correct in his conduct. "It's quite all right, Grannie," quoth he. "You said yesterday that we were to take it in turns to have the big egg, so we began to-day, and as I am the eldest it is my turn to have the big egg!" —KITTIWAKE.

A DOG ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—“Anson” was originally presented to the “Anson” Battalion 2nd Royal Naval Brigade as a mascot and subsequently went with the Brigade to

Antwerp, afterwards taking part in the notable retreat from that place. After Antwerp he went with the battalion to Egypt and afterwards landed with the men on “W” Beach and saw most of the fighting, being in the trenches all the time. He has often been harnessed to machine guns to assist in the haulage. The battalion was reinforced to make the Suvla Bay landing and, naturally, the dog was there and remained until the evacuation of the Peninsula. From there he went to Salonika and stayed there a while, afterwards returning to England in a hospital



“ANSON, R.N.”

ship. After a well earned rest at Blandford Camp he was presented as a mascot by one of the battalion's officers to one of H.M. ships, where he has settled down and made himself a great favourite with the ship's company and all who meet him.—H. A. GAULD, R.N.R.

THIN ASPARAGUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

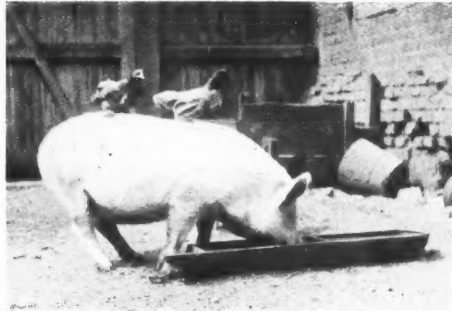
SIR,—I have a very good old asparagus bed which yields well in spring and is covered in autumn by an immense jungle of grown plants. This year the yield is good, but the shoots are mostly tall and thin. Is this owing to the frost, or the drought, or to my having last year cut it severely, thinking that it must strain the plant less to produce shoots cut off in their prime than to let it be taxed by growing so thick an aftergrowth? Was I wrong in thinking this?—M. E. M.

[The asparagus has not been injured by the hard winter; it is a native plant and perfectly hardy. Neither is it likely that the bed is suffering from drought. The reason for the asparagus sending up thin shoots is undoubtedly due to the very severe cutting given last year. It is quite impossible for asparagus or any other plant to make strong root growth if the foliage is cut off. The foliage is really the factory for the plant food and within reason should be encouraged. It would be best not to cut after the middle of June this year and if the growth is satisfactory next spring cutting might proceed a few weeks later. Keep the beds clear of weeds and strew common salt on the surface before a shower of rain. Sulphate of ammonia at the rate of 2lb. per rod should be applied now and a dressing of farmyard manure when cutting has finished.—ED.]

FISHING RODS, ETC., FOR MESOPOTAMIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is abundance of fish in the rivers in Mesopotamia, and there is a great demand for fishing rods, etc. Most fishermen have old salmon, trout or trolling rods, reels, artificial and spinning baits, or other appliances which, for various reasons, they now no longer use. On behalf of the Mesopotamia Comforts Fund for British Troops, I appeal for them for distribution to the troops. Messrs. Hardy Brothers, 61, Pall Mall, S.W.1, and Messrs. C. Farlow and Co., 10, Charles Street, S.W.1, have kindly consented to receive and forward to this office all contributions, provided that labels are attached addressed, “For Mesopotamia Comforts Fund.” Though any kind of rod and tackle is welcome it will facilitate despatch if units are sent complete, *i.e.*, the rod with all its lengths in canvas cover with reel to fit.—SLIGO, Vice-Chairman.



COMPANY TO DINNER!

There is something very comical in her way of placidly continuing her dinner while the hens walk about upon her back.—G. E. CALVERT.

PARTRIDGE, PHEASANT AND CUCKOO EGGS IN THE SAME NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During artillery practice last week an officer discovered a nest containing sixteen pheasant eggs, eleven partridge eggs and one cuckoo egg—twenty-eight eggs in all. The partridge eggs were underneath the others, and four of the sixteen were of a light greenish tinge. As the range was within two miles of the shore it is suggested—it is now impossible to decide—that they might have been the eggs of a sea bird. Be this as it may, twenty-eight eggs in one nest is surely a record. The pheasant eggs were boiled and eaten on the spot and were described as excellent, from which I assume they were freshly laid and that the pheasant had ousted the partridge—a very unusual occurrence. The nest was found on the fourth day of the firing and it is probable that the cuckoo was the last bird to deposit its egg. Is there any record of a cuckoo's egg being found in either a pheasant's or partridge's nest?—COLONEL, R.F.A.

BOOKS ON BRITISH TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly tell me the name of a good, simple, inexpensive book on English trees for a boy who wishes for aid in distinguishing the common trees he sees in this country?—ARBOR.

[Mr. Step's book on trees and that by Professor Percy Groom on “British Trees” (Cassell and Co.) would probably serve your purpose. Professor Marshall Ward's work, a larger book with keys for identification, is designed to assist the student in naming trees from almost any portion of them.—ED.]

OAK AND CHESTNUT TREES FROM VERDUN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have pleasure in enclosing herewith a photograph of the oak and chestnut trees which have been grown from the seeds we obtained through the courtesy of the Deputy-Mayor of Verdun in the autumn of last year. The whole of the proceeds arising from the sale of these plants will be devoted to the War Seal Foundation (L. and N.W.R. Section), which has



FRENCH TREES FOR ENGLISH GARDENS.

for its object the provision of cheery homes for this Company's servants who may be totally disabled in the war, providing residential flats where the disabled Service-man may live with his family and obtain curative and ameliorative treatment therein at a nominal inclusive rental of 6s. 6d. per week. A specimen oak or chestnut will be sent post free for 2s. 6d. (five for 10s.) from the General Manager's Office, L. and N. W. R. Co. (Publicity Department), 7, Euston Square, London, N.W.—I. T. WILLIAMS, Acting General Manager.

A DESERT IRIS FROM THE BORDERS OF EGYPT AND PALESTINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I thought that your readers, especially those who are fond of gardening, might be interested in what I came across in the desert while on the march from Egypt to Palestine. It was a desert iris which was growing in a valley through which a caravan route passes. It grew

about one foot high and the colour was dark purple. There were also an extraordinary number of poppies—the ordinary sort which grow in the cornfields in England. Could these be really desert flowers, or had some caravan dropped the bulbs while passing along the track? I enclose a sketch of the iris, which you might like, if you find this interesting enough, to put in your paper.—Sr. MAUR.

[We have consulted Mr. W. R. Dykes on the identification of this iris shown in the pencil sketch reproduced herewith, and there seems no doubt that it is Iris



AN IRIS FROM EGYPT.

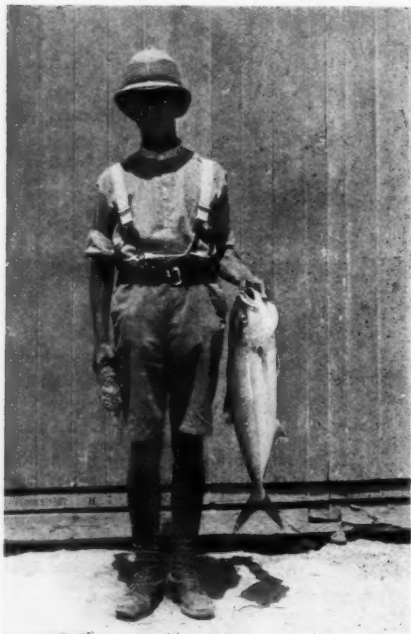
Mariae. Curiously enough, we received two dried specimens of this iris a few days ago from another member of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force. This iris belongs to the *Oncocyclus* section, and is only known to grow wild in the desert district on the borders of Egypt and Palestine. Although generally known as *I. Mariae*, there is some doubt about its nomenclature, and Mr. Dykes is inclined to look upon it merely as a local form of *I. Barnumae* from the region of Lake Van and Urmiah in Armenia. The sketch gives a very good idea of this interesting iris, but it is only on very rare occasions that it has produced its flowers of fascinating colour in this country.—Ed.]

FISHING IN EGYPT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Herewith a photograph of a 10lb. albacore caught in Western Egypt. We get very good sport here with big barracouta, which take a spoon, white feather bait or dead mullet on snap tackle trolled from a boat. The albacore, so far, have only been taken on ground lines baited with cuttlefish or pieces of mullet. The shooting has been quite good, plenty of quail passing through on their way north—gazelle,

African plover and rock pigeons—all of which make a welcome change of diet.—C. S. JARVIS (MAJOR).



A GOOD CATCH.

PLOVERS KILL A JACKDAW.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—When passing through a field the other day I was surprised to hear a series of screeches coming from a pond quite close by. I went over to it and was just in time to see a couple of plover rise from the edge of the water. Lying on the mud was a newly killed jackdaw with a large wound in its breast, and there were signs of a fight. The plover evidently had their nest close by as they flew round

and round overhead. I imagine that they had attacked and killed the jackdaw, thinking that it was after their eggs. Can you tell me if this is so? I have sometimes heard of plovers attacking other birds, but did not know they ever killed them.—R. J. LONGFIELD.

[Plovers are extremely pugnacious at nesting time, but it is unusual, to say the least, for them to kill a jackdaw, though he is a hardened egg thief.—Ed.]

MODERN BIRDS'-NESTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose two photographs of some of my pupils birds'-nesting. Within the last five years one is glad to notice that birds'-nesters in general are leaning towards a study of the eggs and young rather than towards a collection of dry shells. The collecting of these shells, though a very exciting business, maybe, is not, after all, a very scientific hobby, and the admirably illustrated books now upon the



USED TO THE CAMERA.

market are inducing birds'-nesters to make collections of photographs rather than of dry shells, which tell so short a story of the life of a bird. The photographing of birds' nests, eggs and young ones is not an easy matter, and for that reason alone is to be strongly commended as a hobby for boys. Schoolmasters who offer small prizes to their pupils are surprised at the results obtained by some of the more intelligent and scientific scholars. The photograph of the boy and the wild duck is posed, for, of course, the boy could not take a picture at so short a



PHOTOGRAPHING A BIRD'S NEST.

distance with a "Brownie." The bird had been photographed so many times that she was case-hardened.—R. H. MALLINSON.

BADGERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent "Cheshire" re badgers I can, from long experience, assure him that it is quite rare to see this animal in the day time, unless you dig him out. With regard to his other query, as to the colour of these creatures, although I have never heard of a pink specimen, an old friend of mine, now gone over to the majority, had been heard to declare on more than one occasion that he had seen a puce coloured badger with yellow spots sitting at the foot of his bed. This may or may not have been a fact, but the statement may tend to allay the suspicion of your contributor that what he saw was not quite unique.—BEECHY BUCKS.